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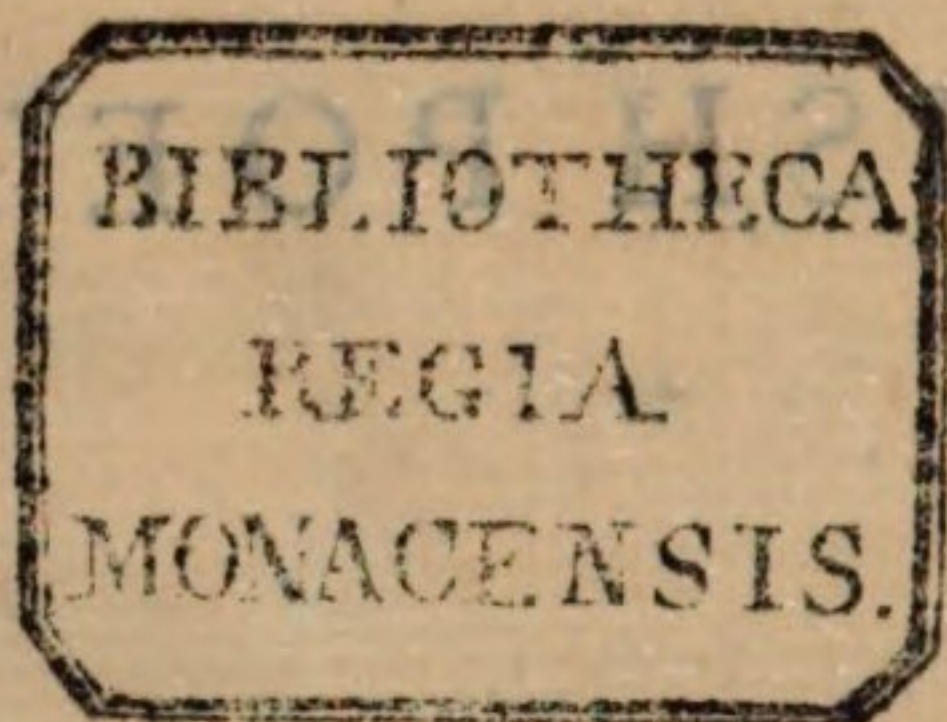
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. XXV.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



THE
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME III.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque puer—— HOR.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE

ILLIAD

OF

HOMER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

VOLUME III.

Notes to the preceding volume.
HOMER

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Printed for A. KNEELAND and W. GREEN,
and J. BALFOUR.

MDCCLXXIII.

THE
ILIAD.
BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The seventh Battle for the Body of Patroclus : The Acts
of Menelaus.*

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy : Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires ; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them : Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the death of Patroclus : Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness : The noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles with the news of Patroclus's death : Then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.



B O O K XVII.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar
dead.

Great Menelaus, touch'd with gen'rous wo,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe :
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves ;
And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare),
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low ;
Warrior ! desist, nor tempt an equal blow :
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign :
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus : The Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd.
Laugh'st thou not, Jove ! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own ?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight ;
Nor thus the boar, (those terrors of the plain) ;
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineft of the boastful kind,
These sons of Panthus' vent their haughty mind.

Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel,
 This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
 Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
 Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride :
 These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
 No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his fire.
 Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
 Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom ;
 Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate :
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus : That action known,
 Come, for my brother's blood, repay thy own.
 His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
 And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.
 On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
 To sooth a consort's and a parent's woe.
 No longer then defer the glorious strife,
 Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.
 Swift as the word the missive lance he flings,
 The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings ;
 But, blunted by the brass, innoxious falls.
 On Jove the father, great Atrides calls ;
 Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
 It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain :
 Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,
 Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
 The shining circlets of his golden hair,
 Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
 Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
 Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,

Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
 And plays and dances to the gentle air;
 When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
 The tender plant, and withers all its shades:
 It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
 A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.

Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
 While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
 Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
 Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies:
 Flies, as before some mountain-lion's ire
 The village-curs, and trembling swains retire;
 When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
 And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;
 All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
 They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
 And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize,
 (In Mentès' shape, beneath whose martial care
 The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war):
 Forbear (he cry'd) with fruitless speed to chace
 Achilles' courfers, of æthereal race;
 They stoop not these to mortal man's command,
 Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
 Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
 Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
 By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress
 The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
 And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
 His words infix'd unutterable care
 Deep in great Hector's soul: Through all the war

He darts his anxious eye; and instant view'd
 The breathless hero in his blood embru'd,
 (Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay),
 And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
 Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he
 flies,

And sends his voice in thunder to the skies :
 Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
 It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
 Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
 And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.

Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
 Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain ?
 Desert the arms, the reliques of my friend ?
 Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend ?
 Sure where such partial favour heav'n bestow'd,
 To brave the hero, were to brave the god :
 Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field :
 'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.
 Yet, not the god, nor heav'n should give me fear,
 Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear :
 Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
 And give Achilles all that yet remains
 Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more
 The time allow'd : Troy thicken'd on the shore,
 A fable scene ! The Terrors Hector led.
 Slow he recedes, and, sighing, quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
 Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts ;
 He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
 With heart indignant and retorted eyes.

Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
 His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd.
 O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
 And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
 Where lab'ring on the left the warrior stood,
 All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
 There breathing courage, where the god of day
 Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king. Oh Ajax, oh my friend!
 Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
 The body to Achilles to restore
 Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
 For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies,
 And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
 He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
 Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
 Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
 And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
 But soon (as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like shield)
 Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field;
 His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
 To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
 Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
 And now before, and now behind he stood:
 Thus in the center of some gloomy wood,
 With many a step the lions' furrounds
 Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
 Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,
 Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow
 low'rs.

Fast by his side the gen'rous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids.
Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief, a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart:
(Such, as should burn in ev'ry soul, that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause);
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
O! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.

But words are vain——Let Ajax once appear,
 And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
 And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
 The Lycian leader, and sedate reply'd.

Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
 I shun great Ajax! I desert my train!
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
 I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
 And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
 But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
 The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
 Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
 Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
 Come, thro' yon squadrons let us hew the way,
 And thou be witness, if I fear to-day;
 If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
 Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
 Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
 And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
 Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
 Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.

He strode along the field as thus he said:
 (The fable plumage nodded o'er his head):
 Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look;
 One instant saw, one instant overtook

The distant band, that on the sandy shore
 The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
 There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
 His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
 Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
 The work and present of celestial hands;
 By aged Peleus to Achilles giv'n,
 As first to Peleus by the court of heav'n:
 His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
 Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
 The god whose thunder rends the troubled air,
 Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,
 And conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate.
 He shook the sacred honours of his head;
 Olympus trembled, and the godhead said:
 Ah! wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
 A moment's glory! and what fates attend?
 In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
 Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
 As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
 Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
 Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
 Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
 Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
 A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.
 For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
 With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
 No more officious, with endearing charms,
 From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
 Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
 That seals his word; the sanction of the god.

'The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
 Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
 Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
 The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
 And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
 Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,
 And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
 Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires,
 Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hyppothous fires;
 The great Therfilochus like fury found,
 Asteropaeus kindled at the sound,
 And Ennomus in augury renown'd. }
 Hear all ye hosts, and hear unnumber'd bands
 Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands!
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
 Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
 To save our present, and our future race.
 For this our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
 And glean the reliques of exhausted Troy.
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
 To die or conquer, are the terms of war.
 Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
 With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
 With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame:

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
 They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
 And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:

Vain hope ! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead ?

Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war :
Our fatal day, alas ! is come, (my friend,)
And all our wars and glories at an end !
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain ;
We too must yield ; the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo ! it bursts, it thunders on our heads !
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks : This hour demands them all.
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the distressful sound.
Oh chiefs ! oh princes ! to whose hand is giv'n
The rule of men ; whose glory is from heav'n !
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace ;
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race !
All, whom this well known voice shall reach from far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war ;
Come all ! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid ;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long succeeding numbers who can name ?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.

Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng ;
Whole Troy embodied, rush'd with shouts along.

Thus when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,
 The river trembles to its utmost shore,
 And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand :
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
 Conceals the warriors shining helms in night :
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend :
 Dead he protects him with superior care,
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
 Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain :
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon ;
 (Ajax to Peleus' son the second name,
 In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore ;
 So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,
 And rudely scatters, far to distant round,
 The frightened hunter, and the baying hound.
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
 Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war ;
 The sinewy ankles bor'd, the feet he bound
 With thongs, inserted through the double wound :
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed ;
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed ;
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain ;
 The shatter'd crest, and horse hair strow the plain :

With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground :
 The brain comes gushing from the ghastly wound :
 He drops Patroclus foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead :
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
 And ill requites his parents tender care.
 Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

Once more at Ajax, Hector's jav'lin flies ;
 The Grecian marking as it cut the skies,
 Shunn'd the descending death ; which hissing on,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind :
 In little Panope for strength renown'd,
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
 Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep transpiercing, through the shoulder stood ;
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
 Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
 The Telamonian lance his belly rends ;
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
 And through the wound the rushing entrails broke.
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train :
 The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
 And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field :
 Greece in her native fortitude elate,
 With Jove averse had turn'd the scale of fate :

But Phoebus urg'd Æneas to the fight:
 He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight:
 (A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
 Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence, bold).

Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
 To save your Troy, though heav'n its fall ordain?
 There have been heroes, who by virtuous care,
 By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
 Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,
 And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
 But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
 His partial favour, and assists your wars,
 Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
 And force th' unwilling god to ruin Troy.

Æneas through the form assum'd descries
 The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.
 Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
 A god (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
 And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
 The bold example all his hosts pursue.
 Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
 In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomedes;
 Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
 The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addrest,
 Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
 From rich Paeonia's vales the warrior came,
 Next thee, Asteropaeus! in place and fame.
 Asteropaeus with grief beheld the slain,
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:

Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
 Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood;
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
 Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
 And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
 Close in the ranks, commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the centre and the soul of all:
 Fix'd on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;
 A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;
 On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
 And thick'ning round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,
 Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;
 Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
 And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.
 In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
 The sun, the moon, and all th' aetherial host
 Seem'd as extinct: Day ravish'd from their eyes,
 And all heav'n's splendours blotted from the skies.
 Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
 The rest in sun-shine fought, and open light:
 Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,
 No vapour rested on the mountain's head.
 The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
 And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
 Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
 And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
 But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
 There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
 (Their fellows routed), toss the distant spear,

And skirmish wide : So Nestor gave command,
 When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
 The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
 Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend ;
 In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
 Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corse, the heroes pant for breath,
 And thick and heavy grows the work of death :
 O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
 Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er ;
 Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
 And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their
 eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
 Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
 The brawny carriers stretch, and labour o'er
 Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore ;
 So tugging round the corse both armies stood ;
 The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood :
 While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
 Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
 Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
 Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,
 Could blame this scene ; such rage, such horror reign'd ;
 Such, Jove to honour the great deed ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
 Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;
 He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
 In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
 Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
 And for his wish'd return prepares in vain :

Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
 Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,
 Perhaps to him : This Thetis had reveal'd ;
 The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
 And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled,
 Curs'd be the man (even private Greeks would say)
 Who dares desert this well-disputed day !
 First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
 Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice !
 First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
 We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost.

Thus they. While with one voice the Trojan said,
 Grant this day, Jove ! or heap us on the dead !
 Then clash their sounding arms : The clangours rise,
 And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
 The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood ;
 Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
 They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
 In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
 Now plies the lash, and sooths and threats in vain ;
 Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont they go,
 Restive they stood, and obstinate in wo :
 Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
 On some good man, or woman unprov'd,
 Lays its eternal weight ; or fix'd, as stands
 A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
 Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
 The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
 Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
 Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,

Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
 And prone to earth was hung their languid head;
 Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
 While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke.

Unhappy couriers of immortal strain!
 Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain;
 Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
 Only, alas! to share in mortal wo?
 For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
 That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
 What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
 Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
 A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
 For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
 High on the splendid car: One glorious prize
 He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
 Ourself will swiftnefs to your nerves impart,
 Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
 Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
 Safe to the navy through the storm of war.
 For yet, 'tis giv'n to Troy to ravage o'er
 The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
 The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
 With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said; and breathing in th' immortal horse
 Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course;
 From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
 The kindling chariot through the parted war:
 So flies a vulture through the clam'rous train
 Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
 From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
 And now to conquest with like speed pursue:

Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
 Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins :
 Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress,
 Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address.

What god provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
 Alone, unaided, in the thickest war ?
 Alas ! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
 Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies)
 The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes ;
 No Greek like him, the heav'nly steeds restrains,
 Or holds their fury in suspended reins :
 Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
 But now Patroclus is an empty name !
 To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
 The ruling charge : The task of fight be mine.

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
 Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
 His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
 And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.
 Lo, to my sight, beyond our hope restor'd,
 Achilles' car, deserted of its lord !
 The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
 Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight.
 Can such opponents stand, when we assail !
 Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of Venus to the counsel yields ;
 Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields ;
 With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
 And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
 Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds,
 Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds ;

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
O keep the foaming courfers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and, when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: He wins it, or he dies.

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn, (he said),
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: Th' event belongs to Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding jav'lin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young:
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling, rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his intrails heav'd.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow

Stooping, he shunn'd: the jav'lin idly fled,
 And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
 Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
 In long vibrations spent its fury there.
 With clashing faulchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
 But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd.
 Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
 But left their slain companion in his blood:
 His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
 Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice.
 Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
 Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.

So looks a lion o'er the mangled boar,
 All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;
 High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
 And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air
 Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
 For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
 The lord of thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid.
 As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
 O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
 (In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
 Or, from the rage of man, destructive war),
 The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
 And from the half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
 In such a form the goddess round her drew
 A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
 Assuming Phoenix' shape, on earth she falls,
 And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
 And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
 A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?

What shame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!

O chief! oh father! (Atreus' son replies),
Oh full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd
To guard the body of the man I lov'd!
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, and fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet, (foul all o'er),
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
(Bold son of Air and Heat, on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings).
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eetion's son, and Podes was his name;
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
By Hector lov'd, his comerade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And, pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phaenops, Asius' son, appear'd the god;
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main).

Oh prince, (he cry'd), oh foremost once in fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?

Dost thou at length to Menelaus yield,
 A chief once thought no terror of the field?
 Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
 He bears victorious, while our army flies.
 By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
 The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
 This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
 Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
 That shaded Ide, and all the subject field
 Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
 Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
 Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
 And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
 At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece: The flight Peneleus led:
 For as the brave Boeotian turn'd his head
 To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
 And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
 By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
 Pierc'd thro' the wrist; and, raging with the pain,
 Grasps his once formidable lance in vain. }

As Hector follow'd, Idomen addrest
 The flaming jav'lin to his manly breast;
 The brittle point before his cors'let yields;
 Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
 High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
 The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
 But erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
 Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer

Of martial Merion ; Coeranus his name,
 Who left fair Lyctos for the fields of fame :
 On foot bold Merion fought ; and now laid low,
 Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe ;
 But the brave squire the ready courfers brought,
 And with his life his master's safety bought.
 Between his cheek and ear the weapon went ;
 The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
 Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain ;
 His dying hand forgets the falling rein :
 This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
 And urges to desert the hopeless war ;
 Idomeneus consents ; the lash applies ;
 And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of heav'n descry'd,
 And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
 Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
 To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon.
 Alas ! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
 Transfers the glory to the Trojan band ?
 Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
 He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart :
 Not so our spears : Incessant though they rain,
 He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
 Deserted of the god, yet let us try
 What human strength and prudence can supply ;
 If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph born,
 May glad the fleets that hope not our return ;
 Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their fates,
 And still hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
 Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear
 The mournful message to Pelides' ear ;

For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
 His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
 But such a chief I spy not through the host:
 The men, the steeds, the armies all are lost
 In gen'ral darkness—Lord of earth and air!
 Oh King! Oh Father! hear my humble pray'r;
 Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore;
 Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
 If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
 But let us perish in the face of day!

With tears the hero spoke, and, at his pray'r,
 The god relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
 Forth burst the sun with all-enlightning ray;
 The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
 Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight;
 If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
 Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
 The fatal news—Atrides hastes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
 Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
 Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
 Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
 The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
 And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
 Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
 Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
 So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place,
 With weary'd limbs, but with unwilling pace;
 The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
 And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard these reliques, to your charge consign'd,
 And bear the merits of the dead in mind;

How skill'd he was in each obliging art ;
 The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart :
 He was, alas ! but fate decreed his end,
 In death a hero, as in life a friend !

So parts the chief ; from rank to rank he flew,
 And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
 As the bold bird, endu'd with sharpest eye
 Of all that wing the mid aerial sky,
 The sacred eagle, from his walks above
 Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move ;
 Then stoops, and fousing on the quiv'ring hare,
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
 Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
 Pass'd this and that way through the ranks of fight :
 Till on the left the chief he sought he found,
 Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.

To him the king. Belov'd of Jove ! draw near,
 For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear ;
 Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn !
 How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn.
 This is not all : Patroclus, on the shore
 Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
 Fly to the fleet ; this instant fly, and tell
 The sad Achilles, how his lov'd one fell :
 He too may haste the naked corse to gain ;
 The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe ;
 From his fair eyes the tears began to flow ;
 Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
 What sorrow dictates, but no words found way.
 To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
 Who near him wheeling drove his steeds along ;

Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth : Nor Menelaus stands
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands ;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain ;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.

Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid :
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his wo,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain ;
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous heat
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

'Tis well (said Ajax) be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear ;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train :
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side :
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said ;
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A gen'ral clamour rises at the sight :
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar ;
But if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
'Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick faulchions, and their jav'lines show'r :

But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field,

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
 Behind them rages all the storm of war;
 Confusion, tumult, horror o'er the throng
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
 To whelm some city under waves of fire;
 Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
 Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;
 The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
 The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,
 From the steep mountain with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;
 Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
 Th' inormous timber lumb'ring down the hill:
 So these—Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
 Thus when a river, swell'd with sudden rains,
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains;
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
 Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
 Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
 While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
 That shriek incessant, while the falcon, hung
 High on pois'd pinions, threatens their callow young.
 So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly;
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:

Within, without the trench, and all the way,
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
 Such horror Jove impress'd ! yet still proceeds
 The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

T H E

I L I A D.

B O O K XVIII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by Vulcan.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the entrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain incamped in the field: The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILLIAD
THE GREEKS BEING AT THE SIEGE OF TROY
THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILLIAD

BOOK XVIII

THE ARGUMENT

The grief of Achilles, and how he was made him by
the death of Patroclus.

THE GRIEF OF THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS. A-
chilles by Achilles. The death of his son-
Patroclus, comes with all his weapons to comfort
him. The friends of the mother and son on this
occasion. He appears to Achilles by the command
of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head
of the army. The light of him turns the
fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is
carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a
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THE LAST PART OF THE NINE AND TWENTIETH DAY, AND THE
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ACHILLES'S TENT ON THE IONIAN SHORE, FROM WHENCE HE
CHANGES TO THE PALACE OF VULCAN.

B O O K XVIII.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.

Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of wo ;

There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,

On hoisted yards extended to the gales ;

Pensive he sat ; for all that fate design'd

Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.

Thus to his soul he said. Ah what constrains

The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains ?

Is this the day, which heav'n so long ago

Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of wo ?

(So Thetis warn'd), when, by a Trojan hand,

The bravest of the Myrmidonian band

Should lose the light ? Fulfill'd is that decree ;

Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he !

In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,

And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain !

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,

And tells the melancholy tale with tears.

Sad tidings, son of Peleus ! thou must hear ;

And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger !

Dead is Patroclus ! for his corse they fight ;

His naked corse ; his arms are Hector's right.

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,

And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief ;

Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread

The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head ;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears :
 On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.
 The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
 (Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms),
 Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
 Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground :
 While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
 And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
 Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic wo,
 And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
 With hoary Nereus, and the wat'ry train,
 The mother-goddess from her crystal throne
 Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
 The circling Nereids with their mistresses weep,
 And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
 Thalia, Glaucē, ev'ry wat'ry name,
 Nesaia mild, and silver Spio came :
 Cymothoe and Cymodoce were nigh,
 And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
 Their locks Actaea and Limnoria rear,
 Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear,
 Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita ;
 Agave gentle, and Amphithoe gay :
 Next Callianira, Callianassa show
 Their sister looks : Dexamene the slow,
 And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides :
 Iacra now the verdant wave divides :
 Nemertes with Aspeudes lifts the head,
 Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed :

These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
 Maera, Amphinome, the train extend;
 And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
 And Amatheia with her amber hair.
 All these, and all that deep in ocean held
 Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
 Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent wo,
 Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
 How just a cause has Thetis to complain?
 How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
 How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
 Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
 The bravest far that ever bore the name;
 Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
 He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
 To Troy I sent him; but the fates ordain
 He never, never must return again.
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view,
 So short alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
 Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
 I go at least to bear a tender part,
 And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main,
 All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
 Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
 While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
 Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
 Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
 Th' immortal mother standing close beside
 Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;

Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
The god has granted, and the Greeks distress'd:
Why mourns my son? Thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning——To this cureless grief
Not ev'n the Thund'rer's favour brings relief.

Patroclus——Ah!——say, Goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;

Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!

Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.

Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:

Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign,

And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!

Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.

For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows shall create again.

'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give:
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.

Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;

On these conditions will I breathe: Till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed;
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!

When Hector falls, thou dy'st. Let Hector die,
 And let me fall! (Achilles made reply.)
 Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
 He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
 Ah then, since from this miserable day
 I cast all hope of my return away;
 Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
 The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
 I live an idle burden to the ground,
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
 More useful to preserve, than I to kill),
 Let me—But oh! ye gracious pow'rs above!
 Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:
 Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
 From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
 Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
 'Tis past—I quell it: I resign to fate.
 Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;
 Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.
 The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun:
 The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
 To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
 And sunk the victim of all conqu'ring death.
 So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
 No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread.
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
 Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
 With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair?

Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes!
 Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
 In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
 That all shall know, Achilles swells the tide.

My son, (Coerulean Thetis made reply,
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh),
 The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
 Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
 But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?
 Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
 Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
 But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
 Yet, yet a while, thy gen'rous ardour stay;
 Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
 Charg'd with refulgent arms, (a glorious load),
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.

Then turning to the daughters of the main,
 The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
 Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
 I go to find the architect divine,
 Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:
 So tell our hoary sire—This charge she gave:
 The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
 Thetis once more ascends the blest'd abodes,
 And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.

And now the Greeks from furious Hector's force,
 Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course:
 Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
 Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.

The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
 Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind;
 And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
 The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
 Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;
 Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew:
 As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain;
 But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
 With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
 Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires;
 So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
 The hungry lion from a carcase slain.
 Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
 And all the glories of the extended day,
 Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
 Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
 The various goddesses of the show'ry bow,
 Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;
 To great Achilles at his ships she came,
 And thus began the many-colour'd dame.

Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
 Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
 For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
 And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
 To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
 Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends;
 A prey to dogs he deems the corse to lie,
 And marks the place to fix his head on high.
 Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
 Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!

Who sends thee, goddess! from th' aethereal skies?
 Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies.

I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
 Th' immortal empress of the realms above;
 Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
 Unknown to all the synod of the sky.
 Thou com'st in vain, he cries, (with fury warm'd),
 Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
 Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
 Till Thetis bring me, at the dawn of day,
 Vulcanian arms; what other should I wield,
 Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
 That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
 While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
 The gallant chief defends Menoetius' son,
 And does, what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
 But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go!
 Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear;
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear;
 Greece, from one glance of that tremendous eye,
 Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose;
 Her aegis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
 Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
 A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
 As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
 The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies;
 (Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
 When men distress'd hang out the sign of war);
 Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
 Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
 With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
 And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:

So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
 Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the croud,
 High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud ;
 With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;
 Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
 With shrilling clangour sounds th' alarm of war,
 Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
 And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply ;
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :
 Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard ;
 And back the chariots roll, and courfers bound,
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
 Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
 And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd ;
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
 Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd :
 While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
 The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears ;
 Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
 But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
 Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
 Whom late triumphant with his steeds and ear,
 He sent refulgent to the field of war ;
 (Unhappy change !) now senseless, pale, he found
 Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime, unwearied with his heav'nly way,
 In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day

Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
 And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
 The frighted Trojans (panting from the war
 Their steeds unharnes'd from the weary car)
 A sudden council call'd : Each chief appear'd
 In haste, and standing ; for to sit they fear'd.
 'Tis now no season for prolong'd debate ;
 They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
 Silent they stood : Polydamas at last,
 Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
 The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears,
 (The friend of Hector, and of equal years :
 The self same night to both a being gave,
 One wise in council, one in action brave.)

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak ;
 For me, I move, before the morning break,
 To raise our camp : Too dang'rous here our post,
 Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast,
 I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engag'd
 In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd ;
 Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
 We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
 I dread Pelides now : His rage of mind
 Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
 Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
 Contending nations won and lost the day.
 For Troy, for Troy shall henceforth be the strife,
 And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
 Haste then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
 Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight ;
 If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
 That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear ;

And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joys,
 If heav'n permits them then to enter Troy.
 Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
 Nor what I tremble but to think ensue.
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
 What force of thought and reason can supply.
 Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
 The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
 When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.
 Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
 Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
 Till his spent courfers seek the fleet again;
 So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
 And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.

Return! (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain);
 What, coop whole armies in our walls again?
 Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,
 Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay!
 Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
 For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold;
 But while inglorious in her walls we staid,
 Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
 The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
 And proud Maconia wastes the fruits of Troy.
 Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
 And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls.
 Dar'st thou dispirit whom the gods incite?
 Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
 To better counsel then attention lend;
 Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.

If there be one whose riches cost him care,
 Forth let him bring them for the troops to share.
 'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,
 Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
 Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
 Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.
 If great Achilles rise in all his might,
 His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.
 Honour, ye gods! or let me gain or give;
 And live he glorious, who so'er shall live!
 Mars is our common lord, alike to all;
 And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
 So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
 To their own sense condemn'd, and left to chuse
 The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long Night extends her sable reign,
 Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
 Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
 Those slaught'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
 Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: Then gushing start
 The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
 The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
 Roars through the desert, and demands his young:
 When the grim savage, to his rifled den
 Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
 And o'er the vales, and o'er the forest bounds;
 His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
 So grieves Achilles; and, impetuous, vents
 To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.

In what vain promise, gods! did I engage,
 When, to console Menoetius' feeble age,

I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
 Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
 But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
 The long, long views of poor designing man!
 One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
 And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
 Me too a wretched mother shall deplore!
 An aged father never see me more!
 Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
 Ere thy dear reliques in the grave are laid,
 Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
 That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
 And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
 Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
 Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
 Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
 Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
 While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
 Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
 Spoils of my arms and thine, when, wasting wide,
 Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke; and bid the sad attendants round
 Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound.
 A massy caldron, of stupendous frame,
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame;
 Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
 Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
 In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
 The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
 The body then they bathe with pious toil,
 Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,

High on a bed of state extended laid,
 And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
 Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
 That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
 His wife and sister, spoke almighty Jove.
 At last thy will prevails: Great Peleus' son
 Rises in arms: Such grace thy Greeks have won.
 Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
 And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these? (th' imperial dame replies,
 While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes).
 Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
 And such success mere human wit attend:
 And shall not I, the second pow'r above,
 Heaven's queen, and consort of the thund'ring Jove,
 Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,
 Nor wreck my vengeance on one guilty land?

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
 Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
 High-eminent above the works divine,
 Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
 There the lame architect the goddess found,
 Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round;
 While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew,
 And, puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
 That day no common task his labour claim'd:
 Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
 That, plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
 (Wondrous to tell), instinct with spirit roll'd
 From place to place, around the bless'd abodes;
 Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods:

For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flow'rs,
 In moulds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
 Just as responsive to his thought the frame
 Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came:
 Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
 (With purple fillets round her braided hair),
 Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft hand she press'd,
 And, smiling, thus the wat'ry queen address'd.

What, goddess! this unusual favour draws?
 All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
 Till now a stranger, in a happy hour,
 Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r.

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
 And various artifice, the queen she plac'd;
 A footstool at her feet: Then calling, said,
 Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid.
 Thetis (reply'd the god) our pow'rs may claim,
 An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
 When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
 (My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye),
 She and Eurynome my griefs redrest,
 And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
 Ev'n then these arts employ'd my infant thought:
 Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
 Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
 Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god:
 Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
 The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
 Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
 For such desert what service can I pay?
 Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
 The genial rites and hospitable fare;

While I my labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the sov'reign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold:
To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n,
Of works divine (such wonders are in heav'n!)
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sat;
There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

Thee welcome, goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes).
O Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care!
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.

Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
 The bravest sure that ever bore the name;
 Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
 To Troy I sent him, but his native shore
 Never, ah never shall receive him more;
 (Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret wo);
 Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow!
 Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
 The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
 For this he griev'd, and till the Greeks, oppress'd,
 Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd.
 Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
 In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
 His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ;
 He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy:
 Then slain by Phoebus, (Hector had the name),
 At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
 But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
 Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
 And to the field in martial pomp restore,
 To shine with glory, till he shines no more.

To her the artist-god. Thy griefs resign,
 Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

O could I hide him from the fates as well,
 Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
 As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze
 Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the father of the fires
 To the black labours of his forge retires.
 Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
 Their iron mouths; and, where the furnace burn'd,

Resounding breath'd : At once the blast expires,
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires :
 Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
 And stubborn brads, and tin, and solid gold :
 Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand ;
 The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand ;
 His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
 And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults re-
 bound.

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield ;
 Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field ;
 Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound ;
 A silver chain suspends the massy round ;
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
 And godlike labours on the surface rose.
 There shone the image of the master-mind ;
 There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he design'd ;
 Th' unweary'd sun, the moon completely round ;
 The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd ;
 The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern Team ;
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam ;
 To which, around the axle of the sky,
 The Bear revolving, points his golden eye,
 Still shines exalted on th' aetherial plain,
 Nor bends his blazing forehead to the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
 The image one of Peace, and one of War.
 Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite ;

Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial-bed :
 The youthful dancers, in a circle bound
 To the soft flute and cittern's silver sound :
 Through the fair streets, the matrons, in a row,
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a num'rous train :
 The subject of debate, a townsman slain :
 One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
 And bade the public and the laws decide :
 The witness is produc'd on either hand ;
 For this, or that, the partial people stand :
 Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
 And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands ;
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
 The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case ;
 Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
 And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
 The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part, (a prospect diff'ring far),
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
 Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
 And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
 Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
 A secret ambush on the foe prepare :
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
 Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
 They march ; by Pallas and by Mars made bold :
 Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,
 And gold their armour : These the squadron led,
 August, divine, superior by the head !

A place for ambush fit they found, and stood
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd-swains;
 Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
 In arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round,
 Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd-swains!
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
 There Tumult, there Contention stood confest;
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast;
 One held a living foe that freshly bled
 With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
 Now here, now there, the carcases they tore:
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
 And each bold figure seem'd to live or die.

A field deep furrow'd next the god design'd,
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
 The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
 And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry side.
 Still as at either end they wheel around,
 The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
 Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the soil:

Behind, the rising earth, in ridges, roll'd ;
 And fable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.
 Another field rose high with waving grain :
 With bending sickles stand the reaper-train :
 Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are found ;
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the ground.
 With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands ;
 The gath'ers follow, and collect in bands :
 And last the children, in whose arms are born
 (Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
 The rustic monarch of the field descries
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
 The victim-ox the sturdy youth prepare ;
 The reapers due repast, the womens care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
 Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines ;
 A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
 And curl'd on silver props, in order glow :
 A darker metal mix'd, intrench'd the place ;
 And pales of glitt'ring tin th' inclosure grace.
 To this one path-way gently winding leads,
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
 (Fair maids and blooming youths), that smiling bear
 The purple product of th' autumnal year.
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
 Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings ;
 In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
 Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
 Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,

And speed to meadows on whose founding shores
 A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars :
 Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
 And nine four dogs complete the rustic band.
 Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
 And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd :
 He roar'd : In vain the dogs, the men withstood ;
 They tore his flesh, and drank the fable blood.
 The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
 Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
 Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads ;
 And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between ;
 And fleecy flocks that whiten all the scene.
 A figur'd dance succeeds ; such once was seen
 In lofty Gnosſus, for the Cretan queen,
 Form'd by Daedalean art : A comely band
 Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand :
 The maids in soft simars of linen drest ;
 The youths all graceful in the glossy vest :
 Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd ;
 Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
 That glitt'ring gay from silver belts depend.
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
 With well-taught feet : Now shape in oblique ways,
 Confus'dly regular, the moving-maze ;
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight they spring,
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :
 So whirls a wheel in giddy circle.toft,
 And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
 The gazing multitudes admire around :
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;

Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend ;
And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round :
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd ; the cuirass that outshone the fires.
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay ;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present thro' the skies.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XIX.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THE TIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled : The speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles ; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight : His appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate ; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

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B O O K XIX.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light),
Th' immortal arms the goddess mother bears
Swift to her son : Her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse ; while all the rest
Their sov'reign's sorrows in their own exprest.
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said.

Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n, that gave the blow ;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground :
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around :
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow ;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire :
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.

Goddeſs! (he cry'd), theſe glorious arms that ſhine
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend :
But ah ! the reliques of my ſlaughter'd friend!

In those wide wounds thro' which his spirit fled,
Shall flies and worms obscene pollute the dead?

That unavailing care be laid aside,
(The azure goddess to her son reply'd);

Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.

But go, Achilles, (as affairs require),
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire :
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And heav'n with strength supply the mighty rage!

Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.

Achilles to the strand obedient went :
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.

The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle shine in arms again.

Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear :

These on the sacred seats of council plac'd
The king of men, Atrides, came the last :

He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun.

O monarch ! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid),

Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
 And shot the shining mischief to the heart !
 Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
 Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore :
 Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
 And sad posterity repeat the tale.
 But this, no more the subject of debate,
 Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate ;
 Why should, alas ! a mortal man, as I,
 Burn with a fury that can never die ?
 Here then my anger ends : Let wars succeed,
 And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
 Now call the hosts, and try, if in our sight,
 Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night ;
 I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
 Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said : His finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
 The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
 When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
 In state unmov'd, the king of men begun.

Hear me, ye sons of Greece ! with silence hear !
 And grant your monarch an impartial ear ;
 A while your loud untimely joy suspend,
 And let your rash, injurious clamours end :
 Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause,
 Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
 Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate :
 Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling fate,
 With fell Erinnyes, urg'd my wrath that day
 When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
 What then could I, against the will of heav'n ?
 Not by myself, but vengeful Ate driv'n ;

She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
 The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
 Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
 But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
 Of mighty men : Inflicting as she goes
 Long fest'ring wounds, inextricable woes !
 Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes ;
 And Jove himself, the fire of men and gods,
 The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart ;
 Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
 For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
 And Jove expected his immortal son ;
 To gods and goddesses th' unruly joy
 He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy :
 From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
 Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
 Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
 And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
 The thund'rer, unsuspecting of the fraud,
 Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a god.
 The joyful goddess, from Olympus height,
 Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight :
 Scarce sev'n moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife ;
 She push'd her ling'ring infant into life :
 Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
 And stop the babe, just issuing to the day ;
 Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind ;
 " A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind
 " Is this day born : From Sthenelus he springs,
 " And claims thy promise to be king of kings."
 Grief seiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engag'd ;
 Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.

From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat,
 He snatch'd the fury-goddeſs of debate,
 The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
 Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
 And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
 From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heav'n:
 Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
 Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
 Full oft the god his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
 Curs'd the dire fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
 Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſſed,
 While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
 What can the errors of my rage atone:
 My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:
 This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
 Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent;
 But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
 Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.

O king of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
 (Returns Achilles) all our hoſts obey!
 To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
 To us, 'tis equal: All we aſk is war.
 While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
 The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
 Let ev'ry Greek, who ſees my ſpear confound
 The Trojan ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
 With emulation, what I act, ſurvey,
 And learn from thence the buſ'neſs of the day.

The ſon of Peleus thus: And thus replies
 The great in councils, Ithacus the wiſe.
 Tho' godlike thou art by no toils oppreſt,
 At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:

Long and laborious must the combat be,
 When by the gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
 Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
 And those augment by gen'rous wine and food;
 What boastful son of war, without that stay,
 Can last a hero thro' a single day?
 Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
 Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
 Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
 The drooping body will desert the mind:
 But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
 With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
 Dismiss the people then, and give command,
 With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band;
 But let the presents to Achilles made,
 In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
 The king of men shall rise in public sight,
 And solemn swear, (observant of the rite),
 That spotless as she came, the maid removes,
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
 That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
 And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
 Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sov'reign might
 Beyond the bounds of reason and of right:
 'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
 To right with justice whom with pow'r they wrong'd.
 To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
 Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.
 Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
 And heav'n regard me as I justly swear!
 Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
 Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay;

Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
 And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
 A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
 These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
 And the fair train of captives close the rear:
 Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
 Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.

For this (the stern Æacides replies)
 Some less important season may suffice,
 When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
 And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
 By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
 All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:
 Those call to war! and might my voice incite,
 Now, now, this instant, should commence the fight.
 Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls,
 And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,
 Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
 Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
 Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
 Int'rest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
 And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.

O first of Greeks, (Ulysses thus rejoin'd),
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
 But old experience and calm wisdom mine.
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
 The bravest soon are satiate of the field;

Tho' vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain :
 The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,
 Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies !
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
 Eternal sorrows what avails to shed ?
 Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead :
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
 The tribute of a melancholy day.

One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
 Our care devolves on others left behind.
 Let gen'rous food supplies of strength produce,
 Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
 Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,
 And pour new furies on the feeble foe ;
 Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
 Expect a second summons to the war ;
 Who waits for that, the dire effects shall find,
 If trembling in the ships he lags behind.
 Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
 And all at once on haughty Troy descend.

And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
 To bear the presents from the royal tent.
 The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
 Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
 With Lycomedes of Creiontian strain,
 And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.
 Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd,
 Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid ;
 A row of six fair tripods then succeeds ;
 And twice the number of high-bounding steeds :

Sev'n captives next a lovely line compose;
 The eight Briseis, like the blooming rose,
 Clos'd the bright band: Great Ithacus, before,
 First of the train, the golden talents bore;
 The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
 A splendid scene? then Agamemnon rose:
 The boar Talthybius held: The Grecian lord
 Drew the broad cutlace sheath'd beside his sword:
 The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
 He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.
 His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
 On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
 The solemn words a deep attention draw,
 And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness thou first! thou greatest pow'r above!
 All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove!
 And mother-Earth, and heav'n's revolving Light,
 And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
 The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
 Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
 If this be false, heav'n all its vengeance shed,
 And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground.
 The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
 (A feast for fish) into the foaming main.

Then thus Achilles. Hear, ye Greeks! and know
 Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the wo:
 Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
 Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.

'Twas Jove's high will alone o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs ! indulge the genial rite ;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd :
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles sought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Those in the tents the squires industrious spread :
The foaming courfers to the stalls they led ;
To their new seats the female captives move :
Briseis, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey
Where gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay ;
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair ;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes,
Shining with tears, she lifts, and thus she cries.

Ah youth, for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind !
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay :
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay !
What foes my wretched race of life attend ?
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end !
The first lov'd comfort of my virgin bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled :
My three brave brothers, in one mournful day,
All trod the dark, irremediable way !
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain ;
Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
The first, the dearest partner of his love ;

That rites divine should ratify the band,
 And make me empress in his native land.
 Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
 For thee, that ever felt another's wo!

Her sister-captives echo'd groan for groan;
 Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
 The leaders press'd the chief on ev'ry side;
 Unmov'd he heard them, and with sighs deny'd.
 If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
 Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
 Till yonder son descend, ah let me pay
 To grief and anguish one abstemious day!

He spoke; and from the warriors turn'd his face:
 Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
 Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
 And Phoenix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
 His rage they calm not, nor his grief control:
 He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
 Thou too Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents),
 Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
 Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
 Oft stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war.
 But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
 What banquet, but revenge, can glad my mind?
 What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
 What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
 Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
 His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
 What more, should Neoptolemus the brave
 (My only offspring) sink into the grave?
 If yet that offspring lives, (I distant far,
 Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).

I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
 Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
 I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
 My tender orphan with a parent's care,
 From Scyros isle conduct him o'er the main,
 And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
 The lofty palace, and the large domain.
 For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
 Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
 But till the news of my sad fate invades
 His hast'ning soul, and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said: His grief the heroes join'd,
 Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
 Their mingled grief the fire of heav'n survey'd,
 And thus with pity to his blue-ey'd maid.

Is then Achilles now no more thy care;
 And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
 Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,
 All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
 Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
 Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.

He spoke; and sudden, as the word of Jove,
 Shot the descending goddess from above.
 So swift through aether the shrill harpy springs,
 The wide air floating to her ample wings.
 To great Achilles she her flight address'd,
 And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
 With nectar sweet, (refection of the gods!)
 Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issu'd from the ships the warrior train,
 And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.

As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
 And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
 From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
 Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:
 So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
 Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
 Broad glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed rays
 Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze;
 Thick beats the centre as the couriers bound,
 With splendor flame the skies, and laugh the fields a-
 round.

Full in the midst, high-tow'ring o'er the rest,
 His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
 Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
 Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the god.
 Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
 He grinds his teeth, and, furious with delay,
 O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
 Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
 The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd,
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his side;
 And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
 Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wand'ring sailors, pale with fears,
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste a light appears,
 Which on the far-seen mountain, blazing high,
 Streams from some lonely watch-tow'r to the sky:
 With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
 Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd ; behind
 The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind :
 Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
 Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war ;
 So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
 Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories
 shed.

The chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes ;
 His arms he poises, and his motions tries ;
 Buoy'd by some inward force he seems to swim,
 And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
 Pond'rous and huge ! which not a Greek could rear.
 From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
 Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire ;
 A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
 Th' immortal courfers, and the radiant car,
 (The silver traces sweeping at their side) ;
 Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd ;
 The iv'ry-studded reins, return'd behind,
 Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
 The charioteer then whiri'd the lash around,
 And swift ascended at one active bound.

All bright in heav'nly arms, above his squire
 Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire ;
 Not brighter Phoebus in the aethereal way,
 Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.
 High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
 And thunders to his steeds these dread commands.

Xanthus and Balius ! of Podarges' strain,
 (Unless ye boast that heav'nly race in vain),
 Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
 And learn to make your master more your care :
 Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaught'ring sword,
 Nor, as you left Patroclus, leave your lord.

The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he said,
 Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head :
 Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
 And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane ;
 When, strange to tell ! (so Juno will'd), he broke
 Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

Achilles ! yes ! this day at least we bear
 Thy rage in safety through the files of war :
 But come it will, the fatal time must come,
 Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
 Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
 Fell thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force ;
 The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day,
 (Confess'd we saw him), tore his arms away.
 No—could our swiftmess o'er the winds prevail,
 Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
 All were in vain—the fates thy death demand,
 Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies ty'd,
 His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd
 With unabated rage—So let it be !
 Portents and prodigies are lost to me.
 I know my fates ; to die, to see no more
 My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
 Enough—when heav'n ordains I sink in night ;
 Now perish Troy ! he said, and rush'd to fight.

Nestor and Odysseus, their
 (I think to be the best) (I think to be the best)
 At last, he minded of his own heart,
 And he, to make your mind, your own heart,
 I see, falling down, and my thing thing
 Now, as the old Achilles, he to your heart,
 The good man Nestor, as the words he said,
 Great Achilles of war, and I copy'd his head:
 Thinking he had been the golden wing,
 And how to do the heart of his mind,
 When, change to tell, (I think will I, he thought)
 I think, heart and heart, as I look,
 Achilles, yet, this day, as I look, as I look,
 I think, in this day, as I look, as I look,
 The come it will, the first time, as I look,
 Not even the last, the first time, as I look,
 Not through our mind, as I look, as I look,
 Tell the Parthians, but by their own heart,
 The bright, as I look, as I look, as I look,
 (I think of we the first, as I look, as I look,
 I think, our heart, as I look, as I look,
 On the heart of the heart, as I look, as I look,
 All who in this—the first, as I look, as I look,
 Do to a heart, as I look, as I look,
 Then, as I look, as I look, as I look,
 The heart, as I look, as I look, as I look,
 With unshaken rage—as I look, as I look,
 Torments and prodigies, as I look, as I look,
 I know my fate; to die, as I look, as I look,
 My much-loved parents, and my native home—
 I think—when I look, as I look, as I look,
 Now, as I look, as I look, as I look,

THE

ILLIAD.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector; but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

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BOOK XX

THE ARGUMENT

The Death of the Gods and the Fall of Achilles

FOURTH, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to fight either party. The terms of the combat are fixed, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Hector to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Hector is protected by the assistance of Iris. Achilles falls upon the top of the Trojan, and is upon the point of killing Hector; but Apollo carries him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the city of Troy.

B O O K XX.

THUS round Pelides, breathing war and blood,
 Greece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
 While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
 Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
 Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
 The gods to council in the starry hall:
 Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
 And summons all the senate of the skies.
 These shining on, in long procession come
 To Jove's eternal adamantine dome,
 Not one was absent, not a rural pow'r,
 That haunts the verdant gloom or rosy bow'r,
 Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
 Each azure sister of the silver flood:
 All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps
 His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
 On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
 (The work of Vulcan), sat the powers around,
 Ev'n * he whose trident sways the wat'ry reign,
 Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
 Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
 And question'd thus the sire of men and gods.

What moves the god who heav'n and earth com-
 mands,

And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,

* Neptune.

Thus to convene the whole aetherial state?
 Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
 Already met, the louting hosts appear,
 And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true, (the cloud-compelling pow'r replies),
 This day, we call the council of the skies
 In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
 Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
 Far on Olympus' top in secret state,
 Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate
 Work out our will. Celestial pow'rs! descend,
 And, as your minds direct, your succour lend
 To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown
 If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
 Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
 What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
 Assist them, Gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
 May fall this day, though fate forbids the fall.

He said, and fir'd their heav'nly breasts with rage:
 On adverse parts the warring gods engage.
 Heav'n's awful queen; and he whose azure round
 Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms renown'd;
 Hermes, of profitable arts the fire;
 And Vulcan, the black sov'reign of the fire;
 These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
 The vessels tremble as the gods alight.
 In aid of Troy, Latona, Phoebus came,
 Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,
 Xanthus whose streams in golden currents flow,
 And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.
 Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,
 Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,

While great Achilles, (terror of the plain),
 Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
 Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
 Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
 Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
 And trembling see another god of war.

But when the pow'rs descending swell'd the fight,
 Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
 Vary'd each face; then discord sounds alarms,
 Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
 Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
 And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
 Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
 In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
 Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours,
 With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost tow'rs;
 Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
 The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.
 Above, the fire of gods his thunder rolls,
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
 Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
 The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
 Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
 And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
 Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
 And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
 Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
 Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
 Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arms should
 lay
 His dark dominions open to the day,

And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods.

Such war th' immortals wage : Such horrors rend
The world's vast concave, when the gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phoebus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main :
The god of arms his giant-bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
Against Latona march'd the son of May :
The quiver'd Dian sister of the day,
(Her golden arrows founding at her side),
Saturnia, Majesty of heav'n, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands ;
Xanthus his name with those of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Seamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage :
Hector he fought ; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd ;
And burst like light'ning through the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the god of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay ;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aspect, seem'd the pow'r divine ;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn
In distant threats he brav'd the goddess-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain,
To meet Pelides you persuade in vain :

Already have I met, nor void of fear
 Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;
 From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
 Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
 Lyrnessus, Pedasus in ashes lay;
 But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day.
 Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight,
 By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
 Where-e'er he mov'd, the goddess shone before,
 And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
 What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
 Th' immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
 And suffer not his dart to fall in vain. }
 Were God my aid, this arm should check his pow'r,
 Though strong in battle as a brazen tow'r.

To whom the son of Jove: That god implore,
 And be what great Achilles was before.
 From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'd thy strain,
 And he but from a sister of the main;
 An aged sea-god, father of his line,
 But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
 Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
 Thro' the thick troops the embolden'd hero prest:
 His vent'rous act the white arm'd queen survey'd,
 And thus, assembling all the pow'rs, she said,
 Behold an action, gods! that claims your care,
 Lo great Æneas rushing to the war!
 Against Pelides he directs his course;
 Phoebus impels, and Phoebus gives him force.

Restrain his bold career ; at least, t' attend
 Our favour'd hero, let some pow'r descend.
 To guard his life, and add to his renown,
 We, the great armament of heav'n came down:
 Hereafter let him fall, as fates design,
 That spun so short his life's illustrious line:
 But, lest some adverse god now cross his way,
 Give him to know, what pow'rs assist this day:
 For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
 When heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms?

Thus she; and thus the god whose force can make
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake.
 Against the might of man, so feeble known,
 Why should celestial pow'rs exert their own?
 Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene;
 And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
 But if th' Armipotent, or god of light,
 Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
 Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend:
 Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end.
 And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
 Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
 Caeerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
 Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
 Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
 In elder times to guard Alcides made,
 (The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid),
 What time a vengeful monster of the main
 Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair,
 With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:

The adverse pow'rs, around Apollo laid,
 Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
 In circle close each heav'nly party sat,
 Intent to form the future scheme of fate;
 But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
 Gives the loud signal, and the heav'n's reply.

Mean while the rushing armies hide the ground;
 The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:
 Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
 The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space!) appear
 There, great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
 With tow'ring strides Æneas first advanc'd;
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,
 Spread o'er his breast, the fencing shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
 Not so Pelides; furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
 Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
 Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride:
 Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone,
 He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
 Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;
 He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
 So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
 Ere yet the stern encounter join'd begun
 The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son.

Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
 Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
 In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
 And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
 Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
 The partial monarch may refuse the prize:
 Sons he has many: Those thy pride may quell;
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
 Has Troy propos'd some spacious tract of land;
 An ample forest, or a fair domain,
 Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
 Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
 And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
 Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
 Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
 Those Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
 In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
 'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
 Defrauded of my conquest once before,
 What then I lost, the gods this day restore.
 Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

To this Anchises' son. Such words employ
 To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
 Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:

Each from illustrious fathers draws his line ;
 Each goddess born ; half human, half divine.
 Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes ;
 For when two heroes thus deriv'd, contend,
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
 If yet you farther seek to learn my birth,
 (A tale resounded through the spacious earth),
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove
 From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove :
 Dardania's walls he rais'd ; for Ilion, then,
 (The city since of many-languag'd men),
 Was not. The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fount-full hill.
 From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
 The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings ;
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
 Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing main,
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead :
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
 Swift as their mother-mares, and father Wind.
 These lightly skimming, when they sweep the plain,
 Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain ;
 And when along the level seas they flew,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
 Such Erichthonius was : From him there came
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial-bed,
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed :

The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
 Whom heav'n, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air
 To bear the cup of Jove, (aetherial guest,
 The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast).
 The two remaining sons the line divide :
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side ;
 From him Tythonus, now in cares grown old,
 And Priam, (blest'd with Hector, brave and bold) :
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair ;
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
 From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
 Such is our race : 'Tis fortune gives us birth,
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth :
 He, source of pow'r and might ! with boundless sway,
 All human courage gives, or takes away.
 Long in the field of words we may contend ;
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end ;
 Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong ;
 So voluble a weapon is the tongue ;
 Wounded, we wound ; and neither side can fail,
 For ev'ry man has equal strength to rail :
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy war ;
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the croud,
 And vent their anger impotent and loud.
 Cease then—Our bus'ness in the field of fight
 Is not to question, but to prove our might.
 To all those insults thou hast offer'd here
 Receive this answer : 'Tis my flying spear.

He spoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.

Far on his outstretch'd arm, Pelides held
 (To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield,
 That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
 Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
 His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
 Secur'd the temper of th' aetherial arms.
 Through two strong plates the point its passage held,
 But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
 Five plates of various metal, various mould,
 Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
 Of tin each inward, and the middle gold: }
 There stuck the lance. Then, rising ere he threw,
 The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
 And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
 Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
 Through the thin verge the Pelean weapon glides,
 And the slight cov'ring of expanded hides.
 Æneas his contracted body bends,
 And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
 Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
 And at his back perceives the quiv'ring spear:
 A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright,
 And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
 Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
 Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
 Æneas, rousing as the foe came on,
 (With force collected), heaves a mighty stone:
 A mass enormous! which, in modern days,
 Not two of earth's degen'rate sons could raise.
 But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
 Saw the distress, and mov'd the pow'rs around.

Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
 An instant victim to Achilles' hands:
 By Phoebus urg'd ; but Phoebus has bestow'd
 His aid in vain ; the man o'erpow'rs the god.
 And can ye see this righteous chief atone,
 With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
 To all the gods his constant vows were paid :
 Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
 Fate wills not this ; nor thus can Jove resign
 The future father of the Dardan line :
 The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
 And still his love descends on all the race.
 For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
 At length are odious to th' all-seeing mind ;
 On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
 And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
 The great earth-shaker thus ; To whom replies
 Th' imperial goddess with the radiant eyes.
 Good as he is, to immolate or spare
 The Dardan prince, O Neptune! be thy care ;
 Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,
 Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind ;
 Not even an instant to protract their fate,
 Or save one member of the sinking state ;
 Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
 And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The king of ocean to the fight descends,
 Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
 Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
 And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
 From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
 And at its master's feet the weapon threw.

That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
 The Dardan prince, and bore him thro' the sky,
 Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
 Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds :
 Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
 Where the slow Caucons close the rear of fight.

The godhead there (his heav'nly form confess'd),
 With words like these the panting chief address'd.

What pow'r, O prince ! with force inferior far
 Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war ?

Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
 Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.

But when the day decreed (for come it must)
 Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,

Let then the furies of that arm be known,

Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own.

With that he left him, wond'ring as he lay,

Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away :

Sudden, returning with the stream of light,

The scene of war came rushing on his sight.

Then thus, amaz'd ! What wonders strike my mind !

My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,

Laid here before me ! and the Dardan lord

That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword !

I thought alone with mortals to contend,

But pow'rs celestial sure this foe defend.

Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,

Content for once, with all his gods, to fly.

Now then let others bleed—This said, aloud

He vents his fury, and inflames the croud :

O Greeks ! (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms),

Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms !

'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky,
 To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly :
 No god can singly such a host engage,
 Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
 But whatfoe'er Achilles can inspire,
 Whate'er of active force, or acting fire ;
 Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey ;
 All, all Achilles, Greeks ! is your's to-day.
 Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
 And thin the squadrons with my single spear.

He said : Nor less elate with martial joy,
 The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.
 Trojans, to war ! think Hector leads you on ;
 Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
 Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with words
 Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords :
 The weakest atheist-wretch all heav'n defies,
 But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
 Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
 Not though his heart were steel, his hands were fire ;
 That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
 And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said :
 A wood of lances rises round his head,
 Clamours on clamours tempest all the air ;
 They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
 But Phoebus warns him from high heav'n to shun
 The single fight with Thetis' godlike son ;
 More safe to combat in the mingled band,
 Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
 He hears, obedient to the god of light,
 And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
 On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
 First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
 Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;
 From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
 His mother was a Nais of the flood;
 Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
 From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
 Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;
 The parted visage falls on equal sides:
 With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
 While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain.

Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
 Receives thee dead, though Gygae boast thy birth;
 Those beauteous fields where Hylus' waves are roll'd,
 And plenteous Hermes swells with tides of gold,
 Are thine no more—Th' insulting hero said,
 And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
 The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
 And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
 Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
 Th' impatient steel, with full descending sway
 Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
 Resistless drove the batter'd scull before,
 And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
 This sees Hippodamas, and seiz'd with fright,
 Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight.
 The lance arrests him: An ignoble wound
 The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
 He groans away his soul: Not louder roars,
 At Neptune's shrine, on Helice's high shores,

The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound.

Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age,
(Whose feet for swiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt),
Of all his ſons the deareſt, and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight,
In the firſt volley of a youthful knight;
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs, wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd :
Forth through the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel ;
And on his knees with piercing ſkrieks he fell ;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect ; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghawly in his gore
Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy Polydore ;
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight,
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame.
The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt ;
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt :
And, lo ! the man, on whom black fates attend,
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend !
No more ſhall Hector's and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcann'd him o'er :
Come, and receive thy fate ! he ſpeaks no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus : Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy :

Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
 Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride !
 I know thy force to mine superior far ;
 But heav'n alone confers success in war :
 Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,
 And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance : But Pallas' heav'nly breath
 Far from Achilles wafts the winged death :
 The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
 And at the feet of its great master lies.
 Achilles closes with his hated foe,
 His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow :
 But present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
 The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
 Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
 Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart :
 The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud,
 He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

Wretch ! thou hast 'scap'd again ; once more thy
 flight
 Has sav'd thee, and the partial god of light ;
 But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
 If any pow'r assist Achilles' hand.
 Fly then inglorious ! but thy flight this day
 Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain :
 Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Pierc'd through the neck : He left him panting there,
 And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
 Gigantic chief ! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
 And for the soul an ample passage made.

Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
 The valiant sons of an unhappy fire ;
 Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
 Sunk in one instant to the nether world ;
 This diff'rence only their sad fates afford,
 That one the spear destroy'd and one the sword.

Nor less unpity'd young Alastor bleeds :
 In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads :
 In vain he begs thee, with a suppliant's moan,
 To spare a form and age so like thy own !
 Unhappy boy ! no pray'r, no moving art,
 E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart !
 While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
 The ruthless faulchion op'd his tender side ;
 The panting liver pours a flood of gore
 That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.
 Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous spear,
 The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
 Thy life, Echeclus ! next the sword bereaves ;
 Deep thro' the front the pond'rous faulchion cleaves ;
 Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
 The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
 Then brave Deucalion dy'd : The dart was flung
 Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung ;
 He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight,
 And stood all impotent, expecting fate :
 Full on his neck the falling faulchion sped,
 From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head :
 Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
 And sunk in dust, the corpse extended lies.
 Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
 (The son of Pireus, an illustrious name),

Succeeds to fate: The spear his belly rends;
 Prone from his car the thund'ring chief descends:
 The squire, who saw expiring on the ground
 His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
 His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian jav'lin gor'd;
 And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
 As when a flame the winding valley fills,
 And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
 Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
 Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies;
 This way and that the spreading torrent roars:
 So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores;
 Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
 And earth is delug'd with the sanguine show'rs.
 As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
 And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor,
 When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
 The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
 So the fierce couriers, as the chariot rolls,
 Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes souls.
 Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
 Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
 The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
 And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
 High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
 All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
 Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
 Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

Success to late: The great his belly
From from his car the churning
The spring, who have coming on the ground
His prodigious monster, and the world around
His back to the world, the Roman in your
And first, the tyrant of his dog lord
As when a flame the smoking valley fills
And then an cracking fire between the hills
Then of the middle of the mountain rises
First the high woods, and places of the hills
This way and that the spreading forest
So deep the forest through the wet forest
Around the wide, immense, detached
And earth is delug'd with the prodigious
As with a universal flood, covered
And the bottom, the great forest floor
Which round and round, with a never-
The trampling feet beat out the
So the forest chinks, as the chariot rolls
Tread down whole forests and cut out
Dash their trees, white or the head they fly
Black, bloody, escape the flaming
The black wheels through deep
And then the groaning forest drops
Higher or the forest of the forest
All gone with all, all horrible
Or still the forest, the whole forest
Such is the forest of the forest

THE
ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battle in the river Scamander.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: He falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropaeus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and, while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

B O O K XXI.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,
 Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
 The river here divides the flying train,
 Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
 Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
 Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight :
 (These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
 And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds) :
 Part plunge into the stream : Old Xanthus roars ;
 The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores :
 With cries promiscuous all the banks resound :
 And here and there in eddies whirling round,
 The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd. }
 As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire ;
 Driv'n from the land before the smoaky cloud,
 The clust'ring legions rush into the flood :
 So plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles force,
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside,
 (Which spreading tam' risks on the margin hide),
 Then, like a god, the rapid billow braves,
 Arm'd with his sword, high brandish'd o'er the waves :
 Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound ;
 Repeated wounds the redd'ning river dy'd,
 And the warm purple circled on the tide.

Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie.
 So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
 Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
 Now tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
 Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;
 With their rich belts their captive arms constrains,
 (Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
 These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
 Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.

Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
 The young Lycaon in his passage stood;
 The son of Priam, whom the hero's hand
 But late made captive in his father's land,
 (As from a sycamore his sounding steel
 Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel),
 To Lemnos isle he sold the royal slave,
 Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
 But kind Eetion, touching on the shore,
 The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
 Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
 He felt the sweets of liberty again;
 The next, that god whom men in vain withstand,
 Gives the same youth to the same conqu'ring hand;
 Now never to return! and doom'd to go
 A sadder journey to the shades below.
 His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd,
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside
 With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
 His useless lance and unavailing shield).

As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
And knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero said.

Ye mighty gods! what wonders strike my view!
Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms subdue?
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom so late I bound
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the seas unmeasur'd deeps detain,
That bar such numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spake, the Trojan, pale with fears,
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his soul shiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stop't the dart;
While thus these melting words attempt his heart.

Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore:
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.

Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
 And scarce twelve morning-suns have seen me here;
 Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands;
 Again her victim cruel fate demands!
 I sprung from Priam and Laothoe fair,
 (Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
 Who held in Pedafus his fam'd abode,
 And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd).
 Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
 For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
 And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
 How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
 Some daemon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
 If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
 Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
 Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
 With his who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.

These words, attended with a show'r of tears,
 The youth address'd to unrelenting ears.
 Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies),
 Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
 In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
 But least the sons of Priam's hateful race,
 Die then; my friend, what boots it to deplore?
 The great, the good Patroclus, is no more!
 He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
 "And thou, dost thou bewail mortality!"
 Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
 Sprung from a hero, by a goddess born;
 The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,

By night, or day, by force, or by design,
 Impending death and certain fate are mine.
 Die then—he said : And as the word he spoke,
 The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke :
 His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear ;
 While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear.
 Sudden Achilles his broad sword display'd,
 And bury'd in his neck the reeking blade.
 Prone fell the youth ; and, panting on the land,
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand :
 The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
 And thus insults him, floating on the wave.
 Lie there, Lycaon ! let the fish surround
 Thy bloated corse, and suck thy gory wound :
 There no sad mother shall thy fun'rals weep,
 But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
 Whose ev'ry wave some wat'ry monster brings,
 To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
 So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line !
 Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
 What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
 His earthly honours, and immortal name !
 In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
 Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain :
 Thus he rewards you with this bitter fate ;
 Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete ;
 Thus is aton'd Patroclus honour'd shade,
 And the short absence of Achilles paid.

These boastful words provoke the raging god ;
 With fury swells the violated flood.
 What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
 To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy ?

Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare
 The great Asteropaeus to mortal war;
 The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
 Flows from the source of Axios, stream divine!
 (Fair Peribaea's love the god had crown'd,
 With all his refluxent waters circled round).
 On him Achilles rush'd: He fearless stood,
 And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
 The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
 T' avenge his waters, chok'd with heaps of dead.
 Near as they drew, Achilles thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
 Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire,
 Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
 (Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race?
 From rich Paeonia's valleys I command,
 Arm'd with protended spears, my native band.
 Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came,
 In aid of Ilion, to the fields of fame.
 Axios, who swells with all the neighb'ring rills,
 And wide around the floated region fills,
 Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
 Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!

Threat'ning he said: The hostile chiefs advance:
 At once Asteropaeus discharg'd each lance,
 (For both his dext'rous hands the lance could wield);
 One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
 One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
 Sprung forth; in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
 Like lightning next the Pelian jav'lin flies:
 Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies:

Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd ; and quiver'd there.
 Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
 And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
 The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood ;
 Repulsive of his might the weapon stood :
 The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in vain :
 Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain ;
 His belly open'd with a ghastly wound ;
 The reeking intrails pour upon the ground.
 Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
 And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies :
 While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
 His radiant armour tearing from the dead :

So ends thy glory ! such the fate they prove
 Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
 Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line ?
 But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
 How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny ?
 Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I ;
 The race of these superior far to those,
 As he that thunders, to the stream that flows.
 What rivers can, Scamander might have shown ;
 But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son.
 Ev'n Achelous might contend in vain,
 And all the roaring billows of the main.
 Th' eternal Ocean, from whose fountains flow
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
 The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear,
 And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said ; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
 And left the breathless warrior in his gore.

The floating tides the bloody carcase lave
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;
Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)
Th' amaz'd Paeonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnefus flew;
Mydon, Therfilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound:

O first of mortals! (for the gods are thine),
In valour matchless, and in force divine!
If Jove has giv'n thee ev'ry Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
See! my choak'd streams no more their course can
keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a god.

In human form, confess'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies.
O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey,
But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay;
Not till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
Shall pant and tremble at our arms again;
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.

He said; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the godhead of the silver bow

The yellow flood began : O son of Jove !
 Was not the mandate of the fire above
 Full and express, that Phoebus should employ
 His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
 And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
 In awful darkness hide the face of all ?

He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay
 Plows through the boiling surge his desp'rate way.
 Then rising in his rage above the shores,
 From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
 Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
 And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost ;
 While all before the billows rang'd on high
 (A wat'ry bulwark) screen the bands who fly.
 Now bursting on his head with thund'ring sound,
 The falling deluge whelms the hero round :
 His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide ;
 His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide,
 Slidd'ring and stagg'ring. On the border stood
 A spreading helm, that overhung the flood :
 He seiz'd a bending bow, his steps to stay ;
 The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
 Heaving the bank, and undermining all ;
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
 Bridg'd the rough flood across : The hero stay'd
 On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
 Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
 Then blacken'd the wild waves ; the murmur rose ;
 The god pursues, a huger billow throws,
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
 The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.

He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace,
 (Swiftest and strongest of the aerial race);
 Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs
 At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
 Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry side,
 And winds his course before the following tide;
 The waves flow after wherefoe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
 So when a peasant to his garden brings
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
 And calls the floods from high to bless his bow'rs,
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flow'rs;
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 And marks the future current with his spade,
 Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
 Before him scatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
 And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles; but before his eyes
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
 The first of men, but not a match for gods.
 Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;
 So oft the surge, in wat'ry mountains spread,
 Beat on his back, or bursts upon his head.
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil;
 When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expansion thrown)
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan.

Is there no god Achilles to befriend,
 No pow'r t' avert his miserable end?
 Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
 And make my future life the sport of fate.
 Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
 By Phoebus' darts she prophesy'd my fall,
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
 Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
 Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
 Like some vile swain, whom, on a rainy day,
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
 An unregarded carcase, to the sea.

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
 And thus in human form address the chief:
 The pow'r of ocean first: Forbear thy fear,
 Oh son of Peleus: Lo, thy gods appear!
 Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid,
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
 But thou the counsel heav'n suggests attend!
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy word suspend,
 Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
 Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.

Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the gods :
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.

Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field :
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread ;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms : While caiks of gold
And turn'd up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts ; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the heroes course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois : Haste, my brother flood :
And check this mortal that controls a god :
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilium tumble from her tow'ry height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar ;
From all thy fountains swell thy watry store ;
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes !
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite :
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those arms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye ;
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd reliques grace ;

No hand his bones shall gather or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.

He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves:
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At ev'ry step, before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the queen of heav'n: She saw dismay'd,
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.

Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm; assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command injoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind:
These from old ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,
Corfes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour;
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!

The pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil;
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd garden dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze;

The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
 The flow'ry lotos, and the tam'risk burn,
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire ;
 The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire.
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death :
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
 Or gasping turn their bellies to the sky.
 At length the River rear'd his languid head,
 And thus, short-panting, to the god he said,

Oh, Vulcan, oh ! what pow'r resists thy might ?
 I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight——
 I yield——Let Ilion fall ; if fate decree——
 Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on me !

He ceas'd ; wide conflagration blazing round ;
 The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
 As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
 To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
 Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
 The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires ;
 So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
 And chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
 To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
 The burning river sends his earnest pray'r.

Ah why, Saturnia ! must thy son engage
 Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage ?
 On other gods his dreadful arm employ,
 For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy.
 Submissive I desist, if thou command :
 But, ah ! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
 Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to fate
 Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,

Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear;
She bade th' ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a god: The obedient flame withdraws.
Again the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft remurmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring gods in fierce contention join:
Rekindling rage each heav'nly breast alarms;
With horrid clangour shock'd th' aetherial arms;
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
And views contending gods with careless eyes.
The pow'r of battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant queen of war.

What mov'd thy madness, thus to disunite
Ætherial minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a god?
Thy impious hand Tydides' jav'lin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine aegis of her fire,
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
Then heav'd the goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast:
This at the heav'nly homicide she cast.

Thund'ring he falls ; a mass of monstrous size,
 And sev'n broad acres covers as he lies.
 The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound ;
 Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound ;
 The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
 And glorying thus the prostrate god reviles.

Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury ! known
 How far Minerva's force transcends thy own ?
 Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
 Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand ;
 Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
 And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.

The goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
 That beaming round, diffus'd celestial day.
 Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
 Lent to the wounded God her tender hand :
 Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
 And propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
 This the bright empress of the heav'ns survey'd,
 And scoffing thus, to war's victorious maid.

Lo ! what an aid on Mars's side is seen !
 The Smiles and Loves unconquerable queen !
 Mark with what insolence, in open view,
 She moves : Let Pallas, if she dares, pursue.

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
 And slightly on her breast the wanton strook :
 She, unresisting, fell, (Her spirits fled) ;
 On earth together lay the lovers spread.
 And like these heroes, be the fate of all
 (Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall !
 To Grecian gods such let the Phrygian be,
 So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me ;

Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
Thus she, and Juno with a smile approv'd.

Meantime to mix in more than mortal fight,
The god of ocean dares the god of light.
What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns the
found?

Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,
No deed perform'd to our Olympian fire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age.
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own),
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot, how, at the monarch's pray'r,
We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy walls I rais'd, (for such were Jove's commands),
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales, and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
With menace stern the fraudulent king defy'd
Our latent godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infest the faithless race?
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?

Apollo thus. To combat for mankind
 Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind :
 For what is man ? Calamitous by birth,
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth ;
 Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
 Smile on the sun ; now, wither on the ground.
 To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
 Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,
 And from the senior pow'r, submits retires.
 Him, thus retreating Artemis upbraids,
 The quiver'd huntress of the silvan shades.

And is it thus the youthful Phoebus flies,
 And yields to ocean's hoary sire the prize ?
 How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show
 Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow ?
 Now boast no more, in yon celestial bow'r,
 Thy force can match the great earth-shaking pow'r.

Silent, he heard the queen of woods upbraid :
 Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid ;
 But furious thus : What insolence has driv'n
 Thy pride to face the majesty of heav'n ?
 What tho' by Jove the female plague design'd,
 Fierce to the feeble race of womankind,
 The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart ;
 Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart ?
 What tho' tremendous in the woodland chace,
 Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race !
 How dares thy rashness on the pow'rs divine
 Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine ?
 Learn hence no more unequal war to wage—
 She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage ;

These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
 The bow, the quiver, and its plummy pride.
 About her temples flies the busy bow;
 Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
 The scatt'ring arrows, rattling from the case,
 Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
 Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
 And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes.
 So, when the falcon wings her way above,
 To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
 (Not fated yet to die), there safe retreats,
 Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

To her Latona hastes with tender care;
 Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.
 How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
 To him whose thunders blacken heav'n with night?
 Go, matchless goddess! triumph in the skies,
 And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.

He spoke, and pass'd: Latona stooping low,
 Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
 That, glitt'ring on the dust, lay here and there;
 Dishonour'd reliques of Diana's war:
 Then swift pursu'd her to the blest'd abode,
 Where, all confus'd, she fought the sov'reign god;
 Weeping, she grasp'd his knees: The ambrosial vest
 Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The sire superior smil'd; and bade her show
 What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's wo?
 Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse;
 And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: While swiftly gliding down,
 Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:

The guardian-god now trembled for her wall,
 And fear'd the Greeks, tho' fate forbade her fall.
 Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
 Return the shining bands of gods in arms;
 Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
 And take their thrones around th' aetherial fire.

Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still proceeds,
 O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
 As when avenging flames, with fury driv'n
 On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;
 The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
 And the red vapours purple all the sky:
 So rag'd Achilles: Death and dire dismay,
 And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
 And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
 Views, from his arm, the Trojans scatter'd flight,
 And the near hero rising on his sight!
 No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
 And settled sorrow on his aged face,
 Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls;
 And thus, descending, on the guards he calls.

You to whose care our city-gates belong,
 Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
 For lo! he comes with unresisted sway;
 He comes, and desolation marks his way!
 But when within the walls our troops take breath,
 Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
 Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: Wide were flung
 The op'ning folds; the sounding hinges rung.
 Phoebus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet,
 Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.

On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
 And gladsome see their last escape from fate.
 Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train!
 Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
 And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
 With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
 Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear;
 Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
 And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
 But he*, the god who darts aetherial flame,
 Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
 To young Agenor force divine he gave,
 (Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave);
 In aid of him, beside the beech he sat,
 And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.
 When now the gen'rous youth Achilles spies,
 Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.
 (So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll);
 He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul.

What, shall I fly this terror of the plain?
 Like others fly, and be like others slain?
 Vain hope! to shun him by the self same road
 Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
 No: With the common heap I scorn to fall—
 What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
 While I decline to yonder path, that leads
 To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
 So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
 From my tir'd body wash the dust and blood;

* Apollo.

As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
 Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
 What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
 Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?
 Ev'n now, perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
 The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
 Such is his swiftnefs, 'tis in vain to fly;
 And such his valour, that who stands must die.
 Howe'er, 'tis better fighting for the state,
 Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
 Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel
 (Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
 One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
 And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.

He said; and stood collected in his might;
 And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
 So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
 Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
 Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
 Of shouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds;
 Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the pain;
 And the barb'd jav'lin stings his breast in vain:
 On their whole war, untam'd, the savage flies,
 And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
 Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
 Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
 Disdainful of retreat: High held before,
 His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
 Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
 The lifted jav'lin, thus bespoke the foe.

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
 And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name

Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
 A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.
 Parents and children our just arms employ,
 And strong and many are the sons of Troy.
 Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore
 These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said: With matchless force the jav'lin flung
 Smote on his knee; the hollow cushions rung
 Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
 He stands impassive in th' aetherial arms.
 Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
 His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
 But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds
 The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
 Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
 Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
 Meanwhile the god, to cover his escape,
 Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape,
 Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
 The furious chief still follows where he flies.
 Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
 Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides:
 The god now distant, scarce a stride before,
 Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
 While all the flying troops their speed employ,
 And pour in heaps into the walls of Troy.
 No stop, no stay; no thought to ask or tell,
 Who 'scap'd by flight, or who in battle fell.
 'Twas tumult all and violence of flight;
 And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright!
 Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
 And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XXII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Death of Hector.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take ; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies : Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector ; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus : He stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace : She mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

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up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She
swoons at the spectacle. Her cries of grief and la-
mentation.

The ninth day still continues. The town lies under
the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

B O O K XXII.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilions rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks embody'd pow'rs,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.
Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scaean gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
(The pow'r confess'd in all his glory burns);
And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god.
The chief, incens'd—Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found?
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine;

Mean fame, alas; for one of heav'nly strain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.

Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps, he tow'r'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
'The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog, (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies:
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries:
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scaean gate expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands.

Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone,
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd;

Or, worse than slaughter'd, fold in distant isles
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
 And lov'd Lycaon ; now perhaps no more !
 Oh ! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give ?
 (Their grandsires wealth, by right of birth their own,
 Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne).
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast ;
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I ? unutterable wo !
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
 Yet shun Achilles ! enter yet the wall ;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all !
 Save thy dear life ; or, if a soul so brave,
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs ;
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curs'd with sense ! a wretch, whom in his rage,
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
 Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain !
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain ;
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
 And number all his days by miseries !
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor ;
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more !

Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
 The last sad relique of my ruin'd state,
 (Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank ye gods! 'twas well;
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth and vigour dies the best,
 Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
 But when the fates, in fullness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
 In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm!
 This, this is misery! the last, the worst
 That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!

He said; and acting what no words could say,
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.
 With him the mournful mother bears a part;
 Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
 The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
 And thus, fast falling the salt tears, she said.

Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
 The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
 If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
 Ah do not thus our helpless years forego!
 But by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
 Should thou (but heav'n avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,
 Nor must thy corpse lie honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;

Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.

So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poison of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens, with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.

Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:

Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which, timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.

Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.

No—if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.

And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,

The warrior-shield, the helm and lance lay down,
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town :
 The wife with-held, the treasure ill detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land).
 With honourable justice to restore ;
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow ?
 We greet not here, as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain ;
 No season now for calm familiar talk,
 Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning-walk :
 War is our bus'ness; but to whom is giv'n
 To die, or triumph, that determine heav'n !

Thus pond'ring, like a god, the Greek drew nigh ;
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high :
 'The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand,
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land ;
 And on his breast the beamy splendors shone,
 Like Jove's own light'ning, or the rising sun.
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise ;
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the wall behind ;
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies :
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies),
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
 Obliquely wheeling through the aerial way ;

With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings :
 No less fore-right the rapid chace they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd ;
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
 Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain ;
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
 (A wider compass), smoke along the road.
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground ;
 This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
 With exhalations steaming to the skies ;
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills ;
 Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
 By these they pass'd, one chafing, one in flight,
 (The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might) ;
 Swift was the course ; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day,
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife),
 The prize contended was great Hector's life.

As when some hero's fun'rals are decreed
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead ;
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
 (Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame),
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.
 Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly,
 The gazing gods lean forward from the sky ;

To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The fire of mortals and immortals spoke.

Unworthy sight! the man belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain;
Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the tow'rs of Troy:
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.

Consult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate),
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
(Good as he is), the lot impos'd on man?

Then Pallas thus: Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?

Go then (return'd the fire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way.
Swift as the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dew,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus, step by step, where-e'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.

Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
 And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
 (Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
 From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
 So oft Achilles turns him to the plain :
 He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
 As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
 One to pursue, and one to lead the chace ;
 Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake :
 No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain ;
 While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What god, O muse ! assisted Hector's force,
 What fate itself so long to hold the course ?
 Phoebus it was ; who in his latest hour,
 Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r.
 And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
 Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
 Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
 And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
 The fates of mortal men, and things below :
 Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
 And weighs, with equal hands, their destinies.
 Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate :
 Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phoebus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
 To stern Pelides, and, triumphing, cries :
 O lov'd of Jove ! this day our labours cease,
 And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
 Great Hector falls ; that Hector fam'd so far,
 Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,

Falls by thy hand and mine ! nor force nor flight
 Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
 See, where in vain he supplicates above,
 Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
 Rest here : Myself will lead the Trojan on,
 And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
 Obey'd ; and rested on his lance reclin'd.
 While like Deiphobus the martial dame,
 (Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same),
 In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.

Too long, O Hector ! have I borne the sight
 Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight :
 It fits us now a noble stand to make,
 And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he : O prince ! ally'd in blood and fame,
 Dearer than all that own a brother's name ;
 Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
 Long try'd, long lov'd ; much lov'd, but honour'd
 more !

Since you, of all our num'rous race, alone
 Defend my life, regardless of your own.

Again the goddess : Much my father's pray'r,
 And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear :
 My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay ;
 But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
 Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
 Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly ;
 Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
 Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful she said : Then swiftly march'd before :
 The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.

Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.

Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circl'd, and her chief pursu'd.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.

Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day:
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate;

(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)

To them I swear; if victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,

No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due),

The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:

Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

Talk not of oaths, (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),

Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:

Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such league as men and furious lions join,

To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:

No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought and life.

Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.

No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;

'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.

Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe ;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow :
He stoop'd while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance and braves the dread of Troy.

The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince ! you have miss'd. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terror sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die ;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast ;
But first try thou my arm ; and may this dart
End all my country's woes deep bury'd in thy heart.

The weapon flew, its course unerring held
Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd
The mortal dart resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain ;
He calls Deiphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands ; then, with a sigh :
'Tis so—heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh !

I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call ;
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
 A god deceiv'd me ; Pallas, 'twas thy deed :
 Death and black fate approach ! 'tis I must bleed.
 No refuge now, no succour from above ;
 Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
 Propitious once, and kind ! Then welcome fate !
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great :
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire ;
 Let future ages hear it, and admire !

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
 And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
 So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
 Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.
 Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares ;
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb ! above his fourfold cone
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at ev'ry step, (Vulcanian frame !)
 And as he mov'd his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere ;
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
 In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound :
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
 One place at length he spies to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
 Gave entrance : Through that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart :

Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of speech, unhappy ! from thy dying hour.
Prone to the field, the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries.

At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain :
Then, prince ! you should have fear'd what now you
feel :

Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger staid,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd and for ever mourn'd :
While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

Then Hector, fainting at the approach of death :
By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath !
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r !
Ah ! leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear !
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To sooth a father's and a mother's wo ;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurs'd ; relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes) ;
Not those who gave me breath, should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join !
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more ;

Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
 Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;
 Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
 Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
 The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
 Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
 And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
 Phoebus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this Scaean gate.

He ceas'd. The fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
 (The manly body left a load of clay);
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes,
 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies,
 Die thou the first! When Jove and heav'n ordain,
 I follow thee——He said, and stripp'd the slain.
 Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
 The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.
 The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
 His manly beauty and superior size:
 While some ignobler, the great dead deface
 With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace:
 "How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
 "Sent light'ning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate?"

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
 Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;

And thus aloud, while all the host attends;
 Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
 Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
 The dire destroyer to our arms has given,
 Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!
 See, if already their deserted tow'rs
 Are left unmann'd, or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
 But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
 Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
 Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
 Can his dear image from my soul depart,
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart!
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd,
 Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade.
 Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
 The corpse of Hector, and your Paeans sing:
 Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,
 "Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,
 (Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);
 The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted through the double wound;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

Now lost is all that formidable air ;
 The face divine, and long descending hair,
 Purple the ground, and streak the fable sand ;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land !
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng !
 And, in his parents sight, now dragg'd along !

The mother first beheld, with sad survey ;
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away. }
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
 While the sad father answers groans with groans.
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
 And the whole city wears one face of wo :
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
 From her foundations curling to her spires,
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force :
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of wo.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
 Imploring all, and naming one by one.
 Ah ! let me, let me go where sorrow calls ;
 I, only I, will issue from your walls,
 (Guide or companion, friends ! I ask you none),
 And bow before the murd'rer of my son !
 My grief, perhaps, his pity may engage ;
 Perhaps, at least, he may respect my age.

He has a father too ; a man like me ;
 One not exempt from age and misery,
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me, and all my race).
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
 Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb ?
 Thee, Hector ! last : Thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh, had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
 The son expiring in the fire's embrace,
 While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
 And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r !
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief !

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears,
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears) :
 Ah ! why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death ?
 Oh Hector ! late thy parents pride and joy,
 The boast of nations ! the defence of Troy !
 To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd ;
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her god !
 O fatal change ! become, in one sad day,
 A senseless corse ! inanimated clay !

But not as yet the fatal news had spread,
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead ;
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,
 Nor ev'n his stay without the Scaean gate.
 Far in the close recesses of the dome,
 Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom ;

A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
 Confus'dly gay, with intermingled flow'rs;
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
 The bath preparing for her lord's return;
 In vain : Alas ! her lord returns no more !
 Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore !
 Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
 And all her members shake with sudden fear ;
 Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
 As thus astonish'd, to her maids she calls.

Ah, follow me ! (she cry'd) ; what plaintive noise
 Invades my ear ? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
 My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert ;
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart ;
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
 (Ye gods avert it) threatens the Trojan state.
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest !
 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
 Confronts Achilles ; chas'd along the plain,
 Shut from our walls ! I fear, I fear him slain !
 Safe in the croud he ever scorn'd to wait,
 And fought for glory in the jaws of fate :
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She spoke ; and furious, with distracted pace,
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
 Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursue),
 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
 Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
 The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes :
 She faints, she falls ; her breath, her colour flies.

Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
 The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
 The veil and diadem flew far away;
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day):
 Around a train of weeping sisters stands
 To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
 Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
 She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
 Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
 For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
 On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
 From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
 At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same;
 Why was my birth to great Action ow'd?
 And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
 Would I had never been!—O thou the ghost
 Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
 An only child, once comfort of my pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love remains!
 No more to smile upon his fire! no friend
 To help him now! no father to defend!
 For, should he 'scape the sword, the common doom!
 What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
 E'en from his own paternal roof expell'd,
 Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.
 This day, that to the shades the father sends,
 Robs the sad orphan of the father's friends:
 He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
 For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;

Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
 Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee.
 While those his father's former bounty fed,
 Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
 The kindest but his present wants allay,
 To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
 Frugal compassion! Headless they who boast
 Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
 Shall cry. "Begone! thy father feasts not here."
 The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
 Thus wretched, thus retiring, all in tears,
 To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
 Forc'd, by repeated insults, to return,
 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
 He, who with tender delicacy bred,
 With princes sported, and on dainties fed;
 And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
 Must—ah! what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
 Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
 Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
 Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.
 But thou, my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
 Far from thy parents and thy comfort's care,
 Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
 The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
 Now, to devouring flames be these a prey,
 Useless to thee from this accursed day!
 Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
 An honour to the living not the dead!
 So spake the mournful dame: Her matrons hear,
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

THE
ILIAD.
BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Funeral of Patroclus.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral-feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial. The next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering of their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the Winds, which, (at the instance of Iris), rise and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral-games: The chariot-race, the fight of the Cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the Discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the jav'lin: The various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

THE

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: The one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile, the two and thirtieth in burning it, and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

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B O O K XXIII.

THUS humbled in the dust, the pensive train
 Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
 The body, soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
 Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
 The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
 All but the martial Myrmidonian band:
 These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
 And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds.

Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
 Release your smoking coursers from the car;
 But with his chariot, each in order led,
 Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
 Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
 Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
 (Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
 And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
 Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
 For such a warrior Thetis aids their wo,
 Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
 But chief Pelides: Thick succeeding sighs
 Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes!
 His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
 On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said.

All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
 Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
 Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
 The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.

Lo ! to the dogs his carcase I resign ;
 And twelve sad victims of the Trojan line,
 Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire,
 Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.

Gloomy he said, and, (horrible to view),
 Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw
 Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around
 Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound:
 All to Achilles' fable ship repair,
 Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
 Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
 The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire :
 The huge ox bellowing falls ; with feeble cries
 Expires the goat ; the sheep in silence dies.
 Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,
 In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
 And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
 The glorious victor to the king of kings.
 From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
 With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
 Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
 With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround ;
 To cleanse his conqu'ring hands from hostile gore
 They urg'd in vain ; the chief refus'd, and swore :

No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove !
 The first and greatest of the gods above !
 Till on the pyre I place thee ; till I rear
 The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
 Some ease at least these pious rites may give,
 And sooth my sorrows, while I bear to live.
 Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
 And share your feast ; but, with the dawn of day,

(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
 That Greece the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,
 And bid the forests fall: (Such rites are paid
 To heroes slumb'ring in eternal shade).
 Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
 Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.

He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
 The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
 Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
 But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,
 Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
 Lies inly groaning; while, on either hand,
 The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.
 Along the grass his languid members fall,
 Tir'd with his chace around the Trojan wall;
 Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
 At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
 When, lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
 Of sad Patroclus, rose, or seem'd to rise;
 In the same robe he living wore, he came;
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same.
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head:
 And sleeps Achilles, (thus the phantom said),
 Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
 Living I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care,
 But now forgot, I wander in the air.
 Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,
 And give me ent'rance in the realms below:
 Till then the spirit finds no resting place,
 But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chace
 The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
 Forbid to cross th' irremcable flood.

Now give thy hand ; for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more :
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend ;
No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known ;
Or quit the dearest to converse alone.
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate foredoom'd, that waited from my birth :
Thee too it waits ; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then ; and, as in fate and love we join,
Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine !
Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed :
That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou ? (he answers) to my sight
Once more return' st thou from th' realms of night ?
Oh more than brother ! think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade ;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy !
Afford at least that melancholy joy.
He said ; and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade ;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes ; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, though dead, retains
Part of himself ; th' immortal mind remains :

The form subsists without the body's aid,
 Aerial semblance, and an empty shade!
 This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;
 Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came;
 Alas! how diff'rent! yet how like the same!
 Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:
 And now the rosy finger'd morn appears,
 Shews ev'ry mournful face, with tears o'erspread,
 And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
 But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
 With mules and waggons sends a chosen band
 To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
 A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.
 With proper instruments they take the road,
 Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
 First march the heavy mules, securely slow,
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
 Jumping high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
 Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shock'd axles bound.
 But when arriv'd at Ida's spreading woods,
 (Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods,)
 Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
 On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
 Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown:
 Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
 The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
 And the slow mules the same rough road return.
 The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
 (Such charge was giv'n them) to the sandy shore;
 There on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
 They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load;

Circling around the place, where times to come
 Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
 The hero bids his martial troops appear
 High on their cars in all the pomp of war ;
 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
 All mount their chariots, combatants, and squires.
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train ;
 Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain ;
 Next these a melancholy band appear,
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier :
 O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw ;
 Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty wo,
 Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
 Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
 Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
 They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
 But great Achilles stands apart in pray'r,
 And from his head divides the yellow hair ;
 Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
 And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood :
 Then sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
 And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waste.

Sperchius ! whose waves in mazy errors lost
 Delightful roll along my native coast !

To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return
 These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn ;
 Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
 Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
 And where in shade of consecrated bow'rs
 Thy altars stand, perfum'd with native flow'rs !
 So vow'd my father ; but he vow'd in vain ;
 No more Achilles sees his native plain ;

In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
 Patroclus bears them to the shades below.

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
 Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow:
 And now the sun had set upon their wo.
 But to the king of men thus spoke the chief.
 Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
 The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
 He said: The people to their ships return:
 While those deputed to inter the slain,
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
 The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side.
 High on the top the manly corse they lay,
 And well-fed sheep and fable oxen slay:
 Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
 And the pil'd victims round the body spread;
 Then jars of honey and of fragrant oil
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
 Four sprightly courfers, with a deadly groan
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
 Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
 Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
 Then, last of all, and horrible to tell,
 Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
 On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
 Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
 Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
 And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry.

All hail, Patroclus ! let thy vengeful ghost
 Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coast.
 Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,
 Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade ;
 But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,
 Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.

So spake he, threat'ning ; but the gods made vain
 His threat, and guard inviolate the slain :
 Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
 And roseate unguents (heav'nly fragrance !) shed :
 She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
 And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey.
 Nor sacred Phoebus less employ'd his care ;
 He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
 And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,
 Against the solar beam and Syrian fire.

Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
 Smokes, nor as yet the fullen flames arise ;
 But, fast beside, Achilles stood in pray'r,
 Invok'd the gods whose spirit moves the air,
 And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
 To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast :
 He call'd th' aerial pow'rs along the skies
 To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
 The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
 Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
 Sat all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
 She shone amidst them on her painted bow ;
 The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
 All from the banquet rise, and each invites
 The various goddesses to partake the rites.

Not so, (the dame reply'd), I haste to go
 To sacred Ocean, and the floods below :
 Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
 And heav'n is feasting on the world's green end,
 With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train !)
 Far on th' extremest limits of the main.
 But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
 The Western Spirit, and the North to rise ;
 Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driv'n,
 And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view ;
 Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew ;
 Forth burst the stormy band, with thund'ring roar,
 And heaps on heaps the clouds are tofs'd before.
 To the wide main then swooping from the skies,
 The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains rise :
 Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
 Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls,
 The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
 And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
 All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
 With large libations from the golden bowl.
 As a poor father, helpless and undone,
 Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
 Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
 And pour in tears, ere yet they close the urn :
 So staid Achilles, circling round the shore,
 So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
 'Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night,
 The morning-planet told th' approach of light ;
 And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
 O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day :

Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
 And to their caves the whistling winds return'd :
 Across the Thracian seas their course they bore ;
 The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile, he ceas'd to weep,
 And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,
 Exhausted with his grief : Meanwhile the croud
 Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood :
 The tumult wak'd him : From his eyes he shook
 Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke.

Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name !
 First let us quench the yet remaining flame
 With fable wine ; then (as the rites direct)
 The hero's bones with careful view select :
 (Apart, and easy to be known they lie,
 Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye :
 The rest around the margins will be seen,
 Promiscuous, steeds, and immolated men) ;
 These wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare ;
 And in the golden vase dispose with care ;
 There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
 Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.
 Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
 A common structure on the humble sands ;
 Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
 And late posterity record our praise.
 The Greeks obey ; where yet the embers glow,
 Wide o'er the pile the fable wine they throw,
 And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
 Next the white bones his sad companions place,
 With tears collected, in the golden vase.

The sacred reliques to the tent they bore ;
 The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
 That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
 And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
 High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
 Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.

The swarming populace the chief detains,
 And leads amidst a wide extent of plains ;
 There plac'd them round : Then from the ships pro-
 ceeds

A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
 Vases and tripods, (for the fun'ral games),
 Resplendent bras, and more resplendent dames.
 First stood the prizes to reward the force
 Of rapid racers in the dusty course :

A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in the needle and the lab'ring loom ;
 And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
 Of twenty measures its capacious size.

The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
 Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke :

The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame :
 Four ample measures held the shining frame :

Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd ;
 An ample double bowl contents the last.

These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
 The hero, rising, thus address'd the train.

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks ! decreed
 To the brave rulers of the racing steed ;
 Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
 Should our immortal courfers take the plain :

(A race unrival'd, which from Ocean's god
 Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd).
 But this no time our vigour to display;
 Nor suit with them, the games of this sad day:
 Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
 Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck,
 Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
 And trail those graceful honours on the sand!
 Let others for the noble task prepare,
 Who trust the courser, and the flying car.
 Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise;
 But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
 Fam'd through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
 And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.
 With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
 The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd,
 (Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
 When scarce a god redeem'd him from his hand).
 Then Menelaus his Podargus brings,
 And the fam'd courser of the king of kings;
 Whom rich Echepolus, (more rich than brave),
 To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
 (Æthe her name), at home to end his days;
 Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.
 Next him Antilochus demands the course,
 With beating heart, and cheers his Pylia horse.
 Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
 Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
 Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
 The prudent son with unattending ears.

My son! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast,
 The gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest.

Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill,
 Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
 To guide thy conduct little precept needs;
 But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.
 Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known;
 Compare those rivals judgment, with thy own:
 It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
 And to be swift is less than to be wise.
 'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous strokes,
 The dext'rous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;
 By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
 And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
 And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
 Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.
 In vain; unskilful, to the goal they strive,
 And short or wide th' ungovern'd courser drive:
 While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
 The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
 Fix'd on the goal, his eye fore-runs the course;
 His hand unerring steers the steady horse;
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
 Observing still the foremost on the plain.
 Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
 Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
 Of some once stately oak the last remains,
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains:
 Inclos'd with stones, conspicuous from afar;
 And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
 Or then, as now, the limit of a race).
 Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
 A little bending to the left-hand steed;

But urge the right, and give him all the reins ;
 While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
 And turns him short ; till doubling as they roll,
 The wheels round naves appear to brush the goal.
 Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
 Clear of the stony heap direct thy course ;
 Lest, through incaution failing, thou may'st be
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.
 So shalt thou pass the goal secure of mind,
 And leave unskilful swiftness far behind ;
 Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
 Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed ;
 Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
 That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
 Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
 Concludes ; then sat, stiff with unwieldy age.

Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
 The last, but not least ardent for the prize.
 They mount their seats ; the lots their place dispose ;
 (Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws.)
 Young Nestor leads the race, Eumelus then,
 And next the brother of the king of men ;
 Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast,
 And far the bravest, Diomed was last.
 They stand in order, an impatient train ;
 Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
 And sends before old Phoenix to the place,
 To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
 At once the courfers from the barrier bound ;
 The lifted scourges all at once resound ;
 Their heart, their eyes, their voice they send before ;
 And up the champaign thunder from the shore ;

Thick where they drive the dusty clouds arise,
 And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
 Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
 Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind;
 The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
 Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
 While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
 (Each o'er his flying courser hung in air),
 Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
 They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain;
 Now, (the last compass fetch'd around the goal),
 At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
 Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
 Tears up the shore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
 First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
 With those of Tros, bold Diomed succeeds:
 Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
 And seem just mounting on his car behind;
 Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
 And hov'ring o'er their stretching shadows sees:
 Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize,
 But angry Phoebus to Tydides flies,
 Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
 His matchless horses labour on the plain.
 Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey
 Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
 The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
 Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
 And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke
 She breaks the rivals chariot from the yoke;
 No more their way the startled horses held;
 The car revers'd came rattling on the field;

Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
 Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell :
 His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground ;
 Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd wound :
 Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes ;
 Before him far the glad Tydides flies ;
 Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
 And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, though distant, Menelaus succeeds ;
 While thus young Nestor animates his steeds.
 Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force ;
 Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,
 Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
 And gives their lord the honours of the day.
 But reach Atrides ! shall his mare outgo
 Your swiftness ! vanquish'd by a female foe !
 Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
 The last ignoble gift be all we gain ;
 No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
 The old man's fury rises, and you die.
 Haste then ; yon narrow road, before your sight,
 Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.

Thus he. The courfers, at their master's threat,
 With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.
 And now Antilochus, with nice survey,
 Observes the compass of the hollow way.
 'Twas where, by force of wint'ry torrents torn,
 Fast by the road a precipice was worn :
 Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng,
 The Spartan hero's chariot smok'd along.
 Close up the vent'rous youth resolves to keep,
 Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.

Atrides, trembling, casts his eyes below,
 And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
 Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus to ride
 This narrow way; take larger field, (he cry'd),
 Or both must fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
 He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.
 Far as an able arm the disk can send,
 When youthful rivals their full force extend,
 So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
 Before the king: He, cautious, backward drew
 His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears
 The ratt'ling ruin of the clashing cars,
 The flound'ring courfers rolling on the plain,
 And conquest lost, through frantic haste to gain:
 But thus upbraids his rival as he flies:
 Go, furious youth, ungen'rous and unwise!
 Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;
 Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—
 Then to his steeds with all his force he cries:
 Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
 With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
 And yield the glory your's—The steeds obey;
 Already at their heels they wing their way,
 And seem already to retrieve the day.

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
 The courfers bounding o'er the dusty field.
 The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
 High on a rising ground, above the ring,
 The monarch sat; from whence, with sure survey,
 He well observ'd the chief who led the way,

And heard from far his animating cries,
 And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes ;
 On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,
 Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
 He saw ; and, rising, to the Greeks begun.
 Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone ?
 Or can ye all another chief survey,
 And other steeds, than lately led the way ?
 Those, though the swiftest, by some god with-held,
 Lie sure disabled in the middle field :
 For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
 I search to find them, but I search in vain.
 Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
 And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
 Shot from the chariot ; while his couriers stray
 With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
 Rise then some other, and inform my sight,
 (For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right) ;
 Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
 The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.

Old man ! (Oileus rashly thus replies),
 Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize ;
 Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
 Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide,
 Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chace,
 Still, as at first, unrival'd lead the race :
 I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
 And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd, rejoin'd.
 Barb'rous of words ! and arrogant of mind !
 Contentious prince ! of all the Greeks beside
 The last in merit, as the first in pride :

To vile reproach what answer can we make?
 A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
 And be the king the judge. The most unwise
 Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price.
 He said : And Ajax by mad passion born,
 Stern had reply'd ; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
 To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike son
 Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun.

Forbear, ye chiefs ! reproachful to contend ;
 Much would ye blame, should others thus offend ;
 And lo ! the approaching steeds your contest end. }
 No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near,
 Drives, through a stream of dust, the charioteer.
 High o'er his head the circling lash he wields ;
 His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields.
 His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
 Bright with the mingl'd blaze of tin and gold,
 Refulgent through the cloud : No eye could find
 The track his flying wheels had left behind :
 And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace.
 So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
 Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
 Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands ;
 From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream ;
 The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam :
 With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
 The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes :
 These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
 The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
 O'erpass'd Atrides) second in the course.

Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
 Than to the courser in his swift career
 The following car, just touching with his heel,
 And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel,
 Such and so narrow now the space between
 The rivals, late so distant on the green ;
 So soon swift Etbe her lost ground regain'd,
 One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursu'd, at greater distance still
 With tardier courfers, and inferior skill.
 Last came, Admetus ! thy unhappy son ;
 Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on :
 Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun.

Behold the man whose matchless art surpass
 The sons of Greece ! the ablest, yet the last !
 Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
 (Since great Tydides bears the first away)
 To him the second honours of the day.

The Greeks consent with loud-applauding cries,
 And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize ;
 But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
 Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim.
 Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign,
 O Peleus' son ! the mare so justly mine.
 What if the gods, the skilful to confound,
 Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground ?
 Perhaps he fought not heav'n by sacrifice,
 And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
 If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
 And please a soul desirous to bestow)
 Some gift must grace Eumelus : View thy store
 Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore,

An ample present let him thence receive,
 And Greece shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give.
 But this my prize I never shall forego ;
 This who but touches, warriors ! is my foe.

Thus spake the youth : Nor did his words offend :
 Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
 Achilles smil'd : The gift propos'd, (he cry'd),
 Antilochus ! we shall ourself provide.
 With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er,
 (The same renown'd Asteropaeus wore),
 Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine,
 (No vulgar gift), Eumelus, shall be thine.

He said : Automedon at his command
 The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.
 Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
 With gen'rous joy : Then Menelaus rose ;
 The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
 And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
 Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
 And inly grieving, thus the king begun ;

The praise of wisdom in thy youth obtain'd,
 An act so rash (Antilochus) has stain'd.
 Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
 To you, O Grecians ! be my wrong declar'd :
 So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
 Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
 But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain ?
 What needs appealing in a fact so plain ?
 What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
 And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize ?
 Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
 The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand ;

And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
 Was but to conquer, not to circumvent :
 Swear by that god, whose liquid arms surround
 The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the
 ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard ;
 Then mildly thus : Excuse, if youth have err'd ;
 Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
 Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.
 Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
 Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage,
 The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign ;
 The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine,
 Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
 Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn.

So spoke Antilochus ; and at the word
 The mare contelted to the king restor'd.
 Joy swells his soul : As when the vernal grain
 Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
 The fields their vegetable life renew,
 And laugh and glitter with the morning-dew ;
 Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
 And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said.

Still may our souls, O gen'rous youth ! agree ;
 'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
 Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,
 Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
 Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
 To wave contention with superior sway ;
 For ah ! how few, who should like thee offend,
 Like thee, have talents to regain the friend ?

To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
 Suffice thy father's merit and thy own :
 Gen'rous alike, for me, the sire and son
 Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
 I yield ; that all may know my soul can bend,
 Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.

He said ; and pleas'd, his passion to command,
 Resign'd the courser to Noemon's hand,
 Friend of the youthful chief : Himself content,
 The shining charger to his vessel sent.
 The golden talents Merion next obtain'd.
 The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd :
 Achilles this to rev'rend Nestor bears,
 And thus the purpose of his gift declares.

Accept thou this, O sacred sire ! (he said),
 In dear memorial of Patroclus dead ;
 Dead, and for ever lost, Patroclus lies,
 For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes !
 Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
 Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
 The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
 Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
 Thy present vigour age has overthrown,
 But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said ; and plac'd the goblet at his side ;
 With joy the venerable king reply'd.

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd.
 A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd !
 Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
 These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length !
 Oh ! had I now that force I felt of yore,
 Known thro' Buprasium and the Pylian shore !

Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game,
 Ordain'd to Amarynce's mighty name;
 The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
 Ætolians, Pylians, all resign'd the day.
 I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
 And backward hurl'd Ancaeus on the sand,
 Surpass'd Iphyclus in the swift career,
 Phyleus and Polydorus, with the spear.
 The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
 But won by numbers, not by art or force:
 For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey
 Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
 Sprung to their car; and with united pains
 One lash'd the courfers, while one rul'd the reins.
 Such once I was: Now to these tasks succeeds
 A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
 I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
 Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.
 Go thou, my son! by gen'rous friendship led,
 With martial honours decorate the dead;
 While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present,
 (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent),
 Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to see
 Not one but honours sacred age and me:
 Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
 May the just gods return another day.

Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days:
 Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
 For the bold champions who the caestus wield.
 A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
 Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,

Is to the circus led, and firmly bound ;
 Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.
 Achilles rising, thus : Let Greece excite
 Two heroes equal to this hardy fight ;
 Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
 And rush beneath the long descending stroke ?
 On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
 And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,
 This mule his dauntless labours shall repay ;
 The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combat great Epæus chose ;
 High o'er the croud, enormous bulk ! he rose,
 And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say :
 Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away !
 (Price of his ruin :) for who dares deny
 This mule my right ? th' undoubted victor I.
 Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
 But the first honours of this fight are mine ;
 For who excels in all ? Then let my foe
 Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,
 Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
 Mash all his bones, and all his body pound :
 So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
 To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain.

The giant spoke, and in a stupid gaze
 The host beheld him, silent with amaze !
 'Twas thou, Euryalus ! who durst aspire
 To meet his might, and emulate thy fire,
 The great Mecistheus ; who, in days of yore,
 In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
 (The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace),
 And singly vanquish'd the Cadmaean race.

Him great Tydides urges to contend,
 Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
 Officious with the cincture girds him round;
 And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
 Amid the circle now each champion stands,
 And poises high in air his iron hands;
 With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
 Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
 And painful sweat from all their members flows.
 At length Epæus dealt a weighty blow,
 Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
 Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway
 Down dropt he nerveless, and extended lay.
 As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
 By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
 Lies panting: Not less batter'd with his wound,
 The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
 To rear his falling foe, the victor lends,
 Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
 Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng,
 And dragging his disabled legs along;
 Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
 His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
 Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game Achilles next demands,
 And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
 A massy tripod for the victor lies,
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
 And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
 A female captive, valu'd but at four.

Scarce did the chief the vig'rous strife propose,
 When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands;
 Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mix'd;
 Below, their planted feet, at distance fix'd;
 Like two strong rafters, which the builder forms,
 Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,
 Their tops connected, but at wider space,
 Fix'd on their centre stands their solid base.
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
 The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends;
 Their bones resound with blows: Sides, shoulders,
 thighs,
 Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
 Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
 O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
 Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
 The watchful caution of his artful foe.
 While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
 Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon.
 Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
 Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
 He said: And straining, heav'd him off the ground
 With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
 The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
 His ancle struck: The giant fell supine;
 Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
 Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
 Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
 He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:

His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd ;
 And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
 Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,
 Still breathing strife, and unsubdu'd of soul :
 Again they rage, again to combat rise ;
 When great Achilles thus divides the prize.

Your noble vigour, oh my friends ! restrain ;
 Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain,
 Ye both have won : Let others who excel,
 Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
 From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
 And cloth'd anew, the following games survey.
 And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
 The youths contending in the rapid race :
 A silver urn that full six measures held,
 By none in weight or workmanship excell'd ;
 Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
 Elaborate, with artifice divine ;
 Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
 And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port :
 From him descended, good Euneus heir'd
 The glorious gift, and, for Lycaon spar'd,
 To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
 Now, the same hero's fun'ral rites to grace,
 It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.
 A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd :
 And half a talent must content the last.
 Achilles rising then bespoke the train ;
 Who hopes the palm of swiftness to obtain,
 Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.

The hero said : And starting from his place,
 Oilean Ajax rises to the race ;
 Ulysses next ; and he whose speed surpast,
 His youthful equals, Nestor's son the last.
 Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand ;
 Pelides points the barrier with his hand ;
 All start at once : Oileus led the race ;
 The next Ulysses, meas'ring pace with pace ;
 Behind him, diligently close, he sped ;
 As closely following as the running thread
 The spindle follows, and displays the charms
 Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms :
 Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
 And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise ;
 His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays :
 Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise,
 To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
 And send their souls before him as he flies.
 Now three times turn'd, in prospect of the goal,
 The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul :
 Assist, O goddess ! (thus in thought he pray'd),
 And present at his thought descends the maid.
 Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he seems to swim,
 And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
 All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
 Unhappy Ajax tumbles on the plain ;
 (O'erturn'd by Pallas), where the slipp'ry shore
 Was clogg'd with slimy dung and mingled gore.
 (The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,
 Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire) ;
 Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
 Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay ;

The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
 And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
 Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
 The baffled hero thus the Greeks address:

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
 A mortal I, a goddess was my foe;
 She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
 And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputt'ring dirt and gore,
 A burst of laughter echo'd thro' the shore.
 Antilochus, more hum'rous than the rest,
 Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest.

Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
 The gods still love them, and they always thrive.
 Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
 He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise;
 (A green old age, unconscious of decays,
 That proves the hero born in better days!)
 Behold his vigour in this active race!
 Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
 For who can match Achilles? He who can,
 Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th' effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries,
 Thy artful praise deserves a better prize:
 Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;
 Receive a talent of the purest gold.
 The youth departs content. The host admire
 The son of Nestor, worthy of his fire.

Next these a buckler, spear, and helm, he brings;
 Cast on the plain, the brazen burthen rings;
 Arms which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
 And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.

Stand forth the bravest of our host? (he cries);
 Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
 Now grace the lists before our army's fight,
 And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight:
 Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
 And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;
 The sword Asteropus possess'd of old,
 (A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold),
 Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
 These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
 For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
 A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce, at the word, uprose great Tydeus' son,
 And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
 Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
 The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand!
 Lowring they meet, tremendous to the fight,
 Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
 Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
 But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
 A furious pass the spear of Ajax made
 Thro' the broad shield, but at the cors'let staid:
 Not thus the foe; his jav'lin, aim'd above
 The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
 But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
 Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
 With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero thund'ring on the ground
 A mass of iron, (an enormous round),
 Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
 Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.

This mighty quoit Aetion wont to rear,
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air :
 The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
 Among his spoils this memorable load.
 For this he bids those nervous artists vie,
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
 Let him whose might can hurl this bowl arise ;
 Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his prize :
 If he be one enrich'd with large domain
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
 Small flock of iron needs that man provide ;
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
 From hence, nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid
 For plowshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Stern Polypoetes stept before the throng ;
 And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong ;
 Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
 Uprose great Ajax ; up Epaeus rose.
 Each stood in order : First Epaeus threw :
 High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew,
 Leonteus next a little space surpast ;
 And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast :
 O'er both their marks it flew ; till fiercely flung
 From Polypoetes' arm, the discus sung ;
 Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
 That distant falls among the grazing cows,
 So past them all the rapid circle flies :
 His friends, (while loud applauses shake the skies),
 With force conjoin'd, heave off the weighty prize.

Those who in skilful archery contend,
 He next invites, the twanging bow to bend :

And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,
 (Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound).
 The mast which late a first-rate galley bore,
 The hero fixes in the sandy shore :
 To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
 Whose weapon strikes yon flutt'ring bird, shall bear
 These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war ;
 The single, he whose shaft divides the cord.
 He said : Experienc'd Merion took the word,
 And skilful Teucer : In the helm they threw
 Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
 Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies ;
 But flies unblest'd ! no grateful sacrifice,
 No firstling lambs, unheedful ! didst thou vow
 To Phoebus, patron of the shaft and bow.
 For this thy well-aim'd arrow turn'd aside,
 Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd :
 A down the main-mast fell the parted string,
 And the free bird to heav'n displays her wing :
 Seas, shores, and skies with loud applause resound,
 And Merion eager meditates the wound :
 He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
 And following with his eye the soaring dove,
 Implores the god to speed it through the skies,
 With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
 The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
 Amid the cloud the piercing arrow feels ;
 Quite thro' and thro' the point its passage found,
 And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
 The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
 With flagging wings alighted on the mast ;

A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
 Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
 From the pleas'd croud, new peals of thunder rise,
 And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To close the fun'ral-games, Achilles last
 A massy spear amidst the circle plac'd,
 An ample charger of unfullied frame,
 With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by
 flame.

For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
 Whose dext'rous skill directs the flying dart.
 Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
 Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
 With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
 Rose to the monarch, and respectful said.

Thee first in virtue, as in pow'r supreme,
 O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
 In ev'ry martial game thy worth attest,
 And know thee both their greatest and their best.
 Take then the prize; but let brave Merion bear
 This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
 The king to Merion gives the brazen spear;
 But, set apart for sacred use, commands
 The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

THE
ILLIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Redemption of the Body of Hector.

THE gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son : Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles; and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.

B O O K XXIV.

NOW from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crouded
strand :

All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles : He, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd, to weep ;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed :
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they
wrought,
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought ;
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear ;
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day :
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There, as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd ;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus ! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.

There sleep, at last, o'ercomes the heroes eyes;
 While foul in dust the honour'd carcase lies,
 But not deserted by the pitying skies:
 For Phoebus watch'd it with superior care,
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
 And ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
 By stealth, to snatch him from th' insulting foe;
 But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
 And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:
 E'er since that day, implacable to Troy,
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
 But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
 To heav'n assembled thus Apollo spoke.

Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
 Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain?
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
 Still grudge his body to the Trojan view!
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and fire,
 The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire?
 Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage, and impotence of pride.
 Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
 Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
 The greatest evil, and the greatest good.

Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
 A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this, insatiate, the commission giv'n
 By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heav'n:
 Lo, how his rage dishonest drags along
 Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
 Brave though he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of man and god.

If equal honours by the partial skies
 Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies),
 If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
 Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
 But Hector only boasts a mortal claim;
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
 Achilles of your own aetherial race,
 Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace;
 (A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
 Yourself were present, where this minstrel god
 (Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the thund'rer checks th' imperial dame:
 Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
 Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
 But mine, and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:

Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay,
 (The only honour men to gods can pay);
 Nor ever from our smoking altar ceast
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.
 Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,
 We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
 But haste, and summon to our courts above
 The azure queen; let her persuasion move
 Her furious son from Priam to receive
 The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.

He added not: And Iris from the skies,
 Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies,
 Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
 Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps,
 Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
 And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
 Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves resound),
 She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
 As bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
 So pass'd the goddess thro' the closing wave,
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:
 There plac'd amidst her melancholy train,
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main),
 Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.

Then thus the goddess of the painted bow.
 Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below;
 'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
 Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
 Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!
 Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light!

Howe'er, be heaven's almighty fire obey'd—
 She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
 Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
 And forth she pac'd majestically sad.

Then thro' the world of waters they repair
 (The way fair Iris led) to upper air.

The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
 And touch with momentary flight the skies.
 There in the light'ning's blaze the fire they found,
 And all the gods in shining synod round.

Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face;
 (Minerva rising, gave the mourner place);
 Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
 She tasted, and resign'd it. Then began
 The sacred fire of gods and mortal man:

Thou com'st, fair Thetis! but with grief o'ercast:
 Maternal sorrows, long, oh long to last!
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares;
 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares.
 Nine days are pass'd, since all the court above
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
 We will thy son himself the corse restore,
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead;
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
 The mournful father Iris shall prepare,

With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.

His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.
The goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow,
And thy heart waste with life-consuming wo?
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Sooths weary life, and softens human pain?
O snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r;
Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the reliques of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

To whom Achilles: Be the ransom giv'n,
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n.

While thus they commun'd from th' Olympian
bow'rs

Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.
Haste, winged goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:

Alone, for so we will : No Trojan near ;
 Except to place the dead with decent care,
 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command,
 Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
 Safe through the foe by our protection led ;
 Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
 Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair :
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
 And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives ;
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sat bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
 (Sad scene of wo!) his face his wrapt attire
 Conceal'd from sight ; with frantic hands he spread
 A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam ;
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome ;
 Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
 Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy !
 Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
 And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.

Fear not, Oh father! no ill news I bear !
 From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care :
 For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive ;
 Alone, for so he wills : No Trojan near,
 Except to place the dead with decent care,

Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
 Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread ;
 Safe through the foe by his protection led ;
 Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
 Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
 Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair ;
 Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
 His gentle mules, and harness to the car ;
 There, for the gifts a polish'd casket lay :
 His pious sons the king's command obey.
 Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal room,
 Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
 And where the treasures of his empire lay ;
 Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say.
 Unhappy consort of a king distressed !
 Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast :
 I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
 Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move ;
 Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
 The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
 Tell me thy thought : My heart impels to go
 Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
 Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.
 Ah ! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind ?
 And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind :
 Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known ;
 Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown ?

Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
 (Oh heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
 To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
 Those hands yet red with Hector's noble gore!
 Alas, my lord, he knows not how to spare;
 And what his mercy thy slain sons declare,
 So brave, so many fall'n! to calm his rage
 Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
 No—pent in this sad palace, let us give
 To grief the wretched days we have to live.
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own and to his parents wo!
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
 To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
 Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
 My rage, and these barbarities repay!
 For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death?
 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
 And fell a hero in his country's right.

Seek not to slay me, nor my soul affright
 With words of omen, like a bird of night,
 (Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man);
 'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
 Had any mortal voice the injunction laid,
 Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
 A present goddess brought the high command;
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
 I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
 If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
 Content—By the same hand let me expire!
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!

One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood !

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold ;
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine :
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace) :
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy !

Lo ! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train :
In vain each slave with duteous care attends ;
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here ? officious crouds ! (he cries) ;
Hence ! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there ?
Am I the only object of despair ?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of wo ?
No, you must feel him too ; yourselves must fall ;
The same stern god to ruin gives you all :
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone,
Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone !
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town !
Oh send me, gods ! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome !

He said, and feebly drives his friends away :
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.

Next on his sons his erring fury falls;
 Polites, Paris, Agathon he calls;
 His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
 Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the feer,
 And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet these nine
 Surviv'd, sad relics of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
 Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
 Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
 You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
 Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
 With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
 And last great Hector, more than man divine,
 For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
 All these relentless Mars untimely flew,
 And left me those, a soft and fervile crew,
 Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
 Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of Troy!
 Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
 And speed my journey to redeem my son?

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
 Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
 High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
 The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
 Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
 And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:
 Nine cubits long the traces swept the ground;
 These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
 Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
 And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
 Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
 The sad attendants load the groaning wain:

Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
 (The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king).
 But the fair horses, long his darling care,
 Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
 Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd;
 The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
 While careful these the gentle couriers join'd,
 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
 A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
 (Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine),
 Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands.

Take this and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
 His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
 Since victor of thy fears, and flighting mine,
 Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design;
 Pray to that god, who, high on Ida's brow,
 Surveys thy desolated realms below,
 His winged messenger to send from high,
 And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon aetherial space.
 That sign beheld, and, strengthen'd from above,
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
 But, if the god his augury denies,
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.

'Tis just (said Priam) to the fire above
 To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?
 He spoke; and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
 The purest water of the living spring:
 (Her ready hands the ew'r and basin held);
 Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;

On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.

Oh first, and greatest! heav'n's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
Tow'r on the right of yon aetherial space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.
Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Perenos' lofty name.
Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules preceding, draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he past,
And gaze upon him, as they gaz'd their last.

Now forward fares the father on his way
 Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
 Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
 And felt the woes of miserable man.
 Then thus to Hermes : Thou whose constant cares
 Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs ;
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd :
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
 Go, guard the fire ; th' observing foe prevent,
 And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.

The god obeys ; his golden pinions binds,
 And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
 That high, thro' fields of air, his flight sustain
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main :
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;
 Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
 And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
 A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
 He seem'd ; fair offspring of some princely line !
 Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
 And clad the dusky fields in sober gray ;
 What time the herald and the hoary king
 (Their chariots stooping at the silver spring,
 That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
 Through the dim shade the herald first espies
 A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.
 I mark some foe's advance : O king ! beware ;
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care :
 For much I fear destruction hovers nigh :
 Our state asks counsel ; is it best to fly ?

Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call?

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand.

Say whither, father! when each mortal fight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, so num'rous, and so strong?
What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures
view;

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! couldst thou provide;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread;
From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son! (the godlike sire rejoin'd);
Great are my hazards; but the gods survey
My steps, and send thee guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest'd! for scarce of mortal kind
Appears thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide,
(The sacred messenger of heav'n reply'd):
But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,

To lodge in safety with some friendly hand ;
 Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land ?
 Or fly'st thou now ?—What hopes can Troy retain ?
 Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain ?

The king alarm'd : Say what, and whence thou art,
 Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
 And know so well how godlike Hector dy'd ?
 Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch :
 On this sad subject you inquire too much.
 Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
 In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embru'd :
 I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he tost
 On thousand ships, and wither'd half an host :
 I saw, but help'd not : Stern Achilles' ire
 Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire,
 For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race ;
 One ship convey'd us from our native place ;
 Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
 Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame ;
 Of sev'n his sons, by whom the lot was cast
 To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
 To watch this quarter, my adventure falls :
 For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls ;
 Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
 And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,
 (The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again),
 Ah tell me truly, where, oh ! where are laid
 My son's dear reliques ? what befalls him dead ?
 Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains),
 Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains ?

O favour'd of the skies ! (thus answer'd then
 The pow'r that mediates 'twixt gods and men) ;
 Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
 But whole he lies, neglected in the tent :
 This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there,
 Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
 Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
 Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead :
 Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
 Majestical in death ! No stains are found
 O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound ;
 (Tho' many a wound they gave.) Some heav'nly care,
 Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :
 Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
 A life so grateful, still regard him dead.
 Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
 And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd.

Bless'd is the man who pays the gods above
 The constant tribute of respect and love !
 Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
 My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r ;
 And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
 Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.
 But thou, oh gen'rous youth ! this goblet take,
 A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake ;
 And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
 Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent god : O king, forbear
 To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err :
 But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light !

What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
 Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
 Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;
 And as the crime, I dread the consequence.
 Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd, I could convey,
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way;
 On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
 O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.

He said; then took the chariot at a bound,
 And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
 Before th' inspiring god that urg'd them on,
 The coursers fly with spirit not their own.
 And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
 The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
 On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
 And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes;
 Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
 And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
 Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
 And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
 Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
 And, fenc'd with pallisades, a hall of state,
 (The work of soldiers), where the hero sat.
 Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
 A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wondrous length;
 Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
 But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate.
 This Hermes (such the pow'r of gods) set wide;
 Then swift-alighted the celestial guide,
 And thus reveal'd—Hear, prince! and understand
 Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:

Hermes I am, descended from above,
 The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
 Farewell. To shun Achilles' sight I fly;
 Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
 Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
 His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
 Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
 And in a moment shot into the skies:
 The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
 And left his aged herald on the car.
 With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
 And found Achilles in his inner tent:
 There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
 And great Antomedon, attendance gave:
 These serv'd his person at the royal feast;
 Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made,
 And prostrate now before Achilles laid;
 Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears,
 Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
 Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbru'd
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch, (who, conscious of his crime,
 Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime),
 Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd!
 All gaze, all wonder: Thus Achilles gaz'd:
 Thus stood th' attendants, stupid with surprise;
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:

Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!

Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him, helpless, from his peaceful state;
Think, from some pow'rful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain;
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race, ere Greece to Ilion came!
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore!—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence,
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy! in his country's cause he fell!

For him through hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!

Tho' not so wretched : There he yields to me,
 The first of men in sov'reign misery !
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race :
 Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore !

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 'Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of wo ;
 And now the mingled tides together flow :
 This low on earth ; that gently bending o'er,
 A father one, and one a son deplore :
 But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
 And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
 Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran ;
 One universal solemn show'r began ;
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose ;
 The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd ;
 On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
 Not unrelenting : Then serene began
 With words to sooth the miserable man.

Alas ! what weight of anguish hast thou known ?
 Unhappy prince ! thus guardless and alone
 To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race ?
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.

Rise then : Let reason mitigate your care :
 To mourn, avails not : Man is born to bear.
 Such is, alas ! the gods severe decree :
 They, only they are blest'd, and only free.
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good ;
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills ;
 To most he mingles both : The wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed ;
 Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n.
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
 Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r ?
 What stars concurring blest'd his natal hour ?
 A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n ;
 Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n !
 One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day :
 No race succeeding to imperial sway ;
 One only son ; and he (alas !) ordain'd
 To fall untimely in a foreign land.
 See him, in Troy, the pious care decline,
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine !
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld ;
 In riches once, in children once excell'd ;
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
 But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,

What sees the sun, but hapless heroes falls?
 War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
 Thou can'st not call him from the Stygian shore;
 But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!

To whom the king: Oh favour'd of the skies!
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
 On the bare beech, depriv'd of obsequies.
 Oh give me Hector! to my eyes restore
 His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give
 A weak old man to see the light and live!

Move me no more, (Achilles thus replies,
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes);
 Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
 To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
 For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came,
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n; nor com'st alone,
 Some god impels with courage not thy own:
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
 To pass our outworks, or elude the guard.
 Cease, lest neglectful of high Jove's command,
 I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The fire obey'd him, trembling and o'eraw'd.
 Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;

Automedon and Alcimus attend,
 (Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend) ;
 These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
 And led the hoary herald to the tent ;
 Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear
 (Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
 Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
 They leave, to cover, and inwrap the dead.
 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
 To wash the body, and anoint with oil ;
 Apart from Priam ; lest th' unhappy fire
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides ; and nor sacred age,
 Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.
 This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread ;
 Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed :
 Then, while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade.

If in that gloom, which never light must know,
 The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below ;
 O friend ! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
 (Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.
 The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
 To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.

He said, and ent'ring, took his seat of state,
 Where full before him rev'rend Priam sat :
 To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun.
 Lo ! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son ;
 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies ;
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.

But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
 Demand reflection, and to rest invite:
 Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with wo,
 The common cares that nourish life, forego.
 Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
 A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine;
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
 These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
 Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
 Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone):
 The gods themselves at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
 Herself a rock, (for such was heav'n's high will)
 Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
 Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,
 The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings,
 There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
 She stands her own sad monument of wo;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
 The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
 Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;

And place the couch O 3

Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.

He said ; and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants flew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide :
Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,
And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread-the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd :
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest :
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size :
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene !) at length the father spoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove ! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep :
For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed ;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food my sorrows and my sighs !
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread ;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.

Then he : Now, father, sleep ; but sleep not here ;
 Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
 Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
 To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
 Should such report thy honour'd person here,
 The king of men the ransom might defer :
 But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
 Remains unask'd ; what time the rites require
 T' inter thy Hector ? for so long we stay
 Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
 To finish all due honours to the dead,
 This of thy grace accord : To thee are known
 The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town ;
 And at what distance from our walls aspire
 The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
 The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast :
 The next to raise his monument be giv'n ;
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n.

This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy :
 Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
 The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent ;
 Where fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms,
 Expects her hero with desiring arms.
 But in the porch the king and hero rest,
 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.
 Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake ;
 Industrious Hermes only was awake,

The king's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head :
 And sleepest thou, father ! (thus the vision said),
 Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd ?
 Nor fear the Grecian foes, nor Grecian lord ?
 Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
 Thy still surviving sons may sue for thee,
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
 To spare thy age, and offer all in vain !

Wak'd with the word, the trembling fire arose,
 And rais'd his friend : The god before him goes ;
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
 And moves in silence through the hostile land.
 When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,
 (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
 The winged deity forsook their view,
 And in a moment to Olympus flew.
 Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day :
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
 The sage and king, majestically flow.
 Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
 The sad procession of her hoary sire ;
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
 (Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier !)
 A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy !
 If e'er you rush'd in crouds, with vast delight,
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight ;

Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common wo.

In thronging crouds they issue to the plains,
Nor man nor woman in the walls remains;
In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.

At Seaea's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.

The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:

Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;

But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,

First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.

The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;

Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.

A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:

Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their wo,

While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.

First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw;

And, oh my Hector! oh my lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!

An only son, once comfort of our pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love remains!
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,
 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes:
 For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,
 (Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
 Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
 The sad companion of thy mother's wo;
 Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword;
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
 Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,
 Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
 In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
 And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of wo!
 Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
 His parents many, but his comfort more.
 Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
 And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
 Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly
 dear,

My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
 Which never, never could be lost in air,
 Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there.

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;
 Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part.
 Oh thou the best, the dearest to my heart !
 Of all my race, thou most by heav'n approv'd,
 And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd !
 While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
 Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
 This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,
 Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
 Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
 Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain),
 Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain !
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace ;
 No mark of pain, nor violence of face ;
 Rosy and fair ! as Phoebus silver bow
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears :
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

Ah dearest friend ! in whom the gods had join'd
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind ;
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er,
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore ;
 (Oh, had I perish'd, ere that form divine
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine !)
 Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind :
 When others curs'd the auth'refs of their wo,
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow ;

If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
 For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
 The wretched source of all this misery!
 The fate I caus'd for ever I bemoan;
 Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
 Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.
 Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre:
 Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
 Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and at his word the Trojan train
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
 Pour through the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
 Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
 And plac'd aloft: While all, with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smoke arise,
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn;
 Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire;

The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train :
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

THE END OF THE ILIAD.

The lowly Jesus his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase,
The golden vase in purple paths they roll'd,
Of richest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Fall o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And laid the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Among guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the edge to the setting sun.)
All Troy then moves to Priam's tomb again,
A solemn, hush, untroubled scene;
Attempted there, from plans and story tell,
And truly said the last sepulchral rest.
Such honours then to her been paid,
And present from the mighty Hector's shade.

THE END OF THE ILLAD.



Homerus, ca. v8. Jh.

The Iliad of Homer

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